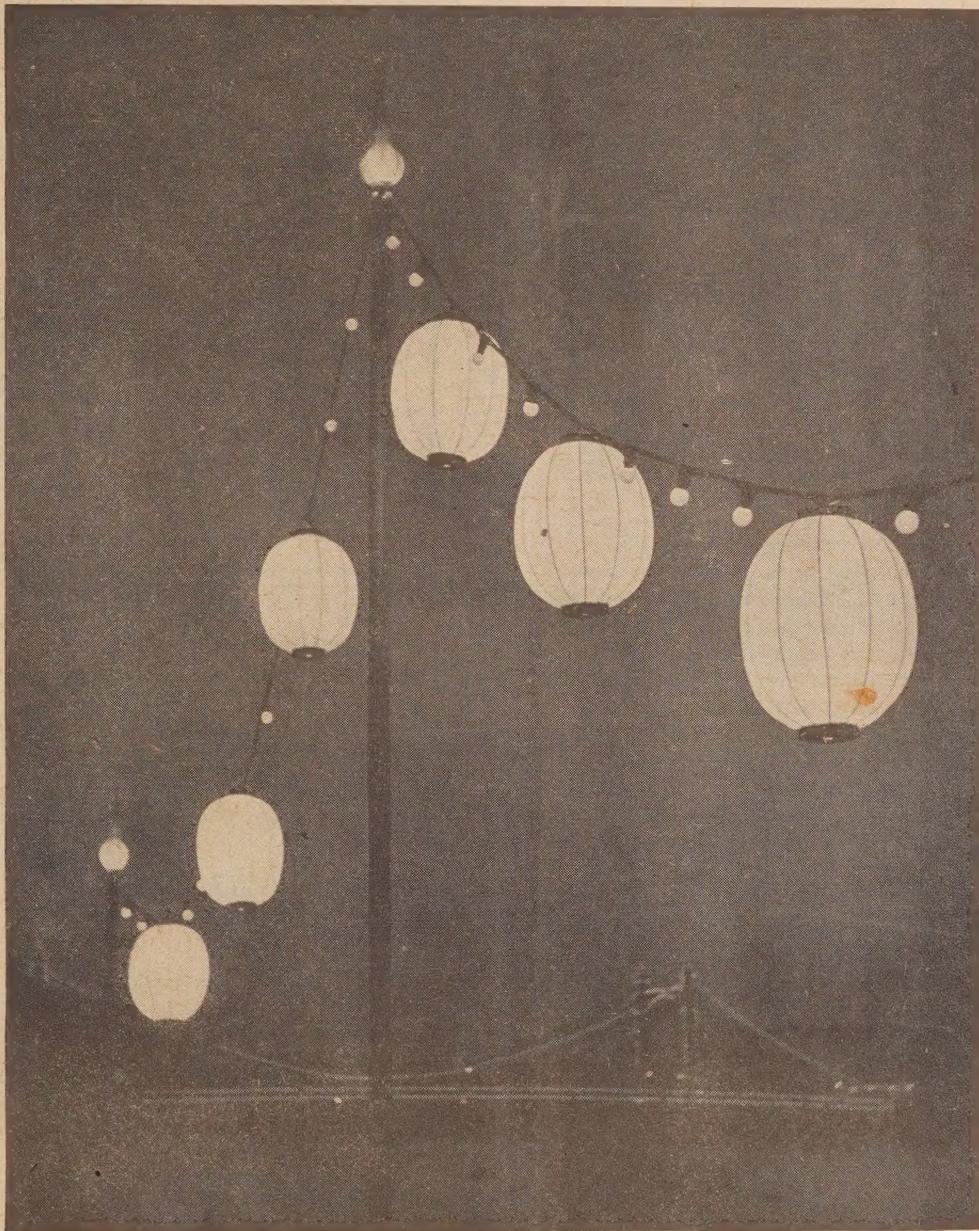


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E. Heimann

Summer night in Festival year: lanterns on the Thames

In this number:

C. Day Lewis, P. H. Newby, Seán O'Faoláin

THE TIMES
 REVIEW OF
 THE PROGRESS OF
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The Listener

Vol. XLVI. No. 1170

Thursday August 2 1951

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The Free Trade Union Movement

By CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. special correspondent

THE International Confederation of Free Trade Unions is a characteristic phenomenon of the post-war world. It is a democratic organisation which has emerged in opposition to communism, and which is now trying to convert that opposition from a merely negative denial into a positive and constructive alternative to communism. At the close of the second world war, the various national trade union movements were organised into an international body called the World Federation of Trade Unions, a body on which the Soviet Union and its satellite states were represented.

At that time communists predominated in several European trade union organisations outside the immediate orbit of Russia, and notably in France and Italy. Consequently this World Federation had from the start a strongly ideological atmosphere, and as the communist element within it gradually secured key positions, it became less and less directly concerned with economic questions involving the workers, and more and more a sounding board for communist propaganda. There was a series of deadlocks between the communist and non-communist elements inside it, and eventually in 1949 the latter, led by the British delegation, left the World Federation. By the end of the same year, the new International Confederation of Free Trade Unions had been founded, and it held its first World Congress in London.

From the beginning its founders felt the need of making the new body a practical and constructive organisation, and not merely an empty instrument of political propaganda. Its second World Congress, which has lately been held at Milan was very largely a stock-taking, an attempt to see how far this objective had been reached, and what still remained to be done. On the

whole, the conclusions to be drawn were satisfactory. After only eighteen months of life, the Confederation already had a total membership of approximately 52,000,000 workers in the free world. Its affiliated organisations numbered seventy-seven, and came from fifty-nine different countries or territories. They included such powerful bodies as the British T.U.C., and both the great American labour organisations, the Congress of Industrial Organisations and the American Federation of Labour. The latter, it is worth noting, had remained outside the original World Federation.

In countries like France and Italy, where the original trade union movement was still dominated by the communists, new anti-communist organisations had sprung up, and were affiliated to the new Confederation. In France, there was the Force Ouvrière, and in Italy, the Christian Democrat Free Trade Unions. There were still some unsolved problems. The predominantly Roman Catholic Christian trade union movement, which exists independently in Belgium, Holland, France and Switzerland, had resisted all attempts to persuade it to affiliate with the new Confederation. In Italy, the socialist-sponsored free trade unions, which are to some extent rivals of the Christian Democrat movement, remained outside because the Confederation itself had not made up its mind about them, but both these problems were matters for negotiations by the executive. They could not be solved by the Congress, and they were left over.

On the whole, the statistical picture presented to the Congress was pleasing. Even more satisfactory was the knowledge that during the eighteen months of its existence, the young organisation had launched upon the world of labour a new concept which promised

to be extremely fruitful. This was the concept of regional secretariats. It had been felt that under the old system adopted by the World Federation and its pre-war predecessor, the trade union problems of highly developed areas, such as Europe, tended to occupy attention to the exclusion of other parts of the world where workers were being gravely exploited, and the trade union movement was either non-existent or so undeveloped as to be useless. So the organisers of the new Confederation decided to interpose an intermediary stage between the national organisations and the central international body. This halfway house would be an organisation representing an entire region of the world, a grouping together of countries with similar labour and economic problems, so these regional secretariats would have the task of facing the special problems of their region and of communicating their decisions to the central body; and, at the same time, of applying the general decisions on policy formulated by the central body to the situation existing in their regions. So far, three such secretariats have been set up, one for Europe, one for the Americas, and one for Asia. Others are contemplated for the Near and Middle East, and for the major regions of Africa. Exploratory delegations have already visited these additional areas.

Technical Questions

There was a general feeling at the Milan Congress that this institution of regional secretariats represented a great and original step forward in the international organisation of the free trade union movement. Some technical questions connected with it remain to be solved, and they were freely discussed at Milan both in committee and in general assembly. The most important of these is how to grant the regional secretariat an adequate measure of autonomy and yet to ensure that it remains properly co-ordinated to the central organisation. Then there is also the question of financing the poorer and less developed regions. In the past some national organisations, such as the T.U.C. and the American Federation of Labour, have preferred to take individual action in this, which might be called the 'missionary field'. Such action has produced valuable results, and it cannot be abruptly cut off in favour of joint action by the Confederation. At the same time the member delegations of the Asian region strongly advocated financial assistance through the Confederation, and expressed themselves opposed to what they called the 'paternalism' of some national organisations.

All these questions, and many others, were discussed in the Congress Assembly in Milan, and were dealt with in much greater detail by the various committees. But a great deal of the Congress's time was taken up with a more fundamental issue, the problem of seeing that the individual viewpoints of national organisations got fair expression in the general resolutions passed by the Congress, without being so uncompromisingly expressed as to cause open divisions of opinion. And this was sometimes very difficult.

The Confederation is not yet a homogeneous body: many of its supporters would argue that in the interests of democracy it is better that it should not become one. The fact remains that its uniting principle, its opposition to totalitarianism of the right or the left, admits of many interpretations. There are the American labour organisations which have never had the same interest in Marxian doctrine, which inspired European trade unionists. These Americans are many of them firm believers in private enterprise. They are opposed to right-wing dictatorships on principle, because they are liberty-loving, but they fear the Soviet brand of communism even more because it represents to them and their countrymen an actual military threat.

Then there are European organisations which are directly inspired by Socialist doctrine, and some of them would even claim to be more essentially Marxist than what they call the 'Soviet imperialists'. There are groups which have suffered from, or are still suffering from, the oppression of a right-wing dictatorship; and for them the issue of resisting some form of fascism is more urgent than the problem of communism. There are others, notably in the

Far East, who appreciate the danger of communist infiltration, but have as their overmastering preoccupation the task of organising their fellow workers against primitive capitalist exploitation. And finally, there are some colonial territories, often with explicit grievances or claims against the administrating nation, claims which they wish to ventilate through the agency of this Confederation.

An outstanding example of the kind of issue which divided delegates is the case of Yugoslavia. To the American and Canadian delegations that country, after its split from the Cominform, represents a brand to be snatched from the burning; and anything which the Confederation can do to further the approach of Yugoslavia to the western world is regarded as clear gain. One of these delegates even expressed the hopeful view that Yugoslavia was already well on the path to democracy. But such opinions immediately roused the vigorous opposition of delegations from Yugoslavia's nearest European neighbours. Italians, Greeks, and representatives of Trieste rose one after the other to claim that Yugoslavia was still a communist dictatorship where freedom of thought or action did not exist. For them Marshal Tito, even if he had strayed from the communist fold, was still a black sheep. Another controversial issue was the question of workers sharing in the management of their firms. This idea has made considerable progress, especially in Germany. But it is an idea alien to the American trade union. One American delegate privately expressed his dislike of it by saying that sharing in the management meant sharing responsibility for prosperity or otherwise of the firm. And the American Union's task, he felt, was merely to maintain a fight for better wages and living conditions for the workers.

Then two sharply political issues were raised by colonial territories. The Tunisian delegates denounced the French administration of their country and demanded a much greater measure of self-government. The delegate from Cyprus, after denouncing the British administration for what he called a total neglect of social legislation or workers' welfare in his island, went on to ask the Confederation to advocate the handing over of Cyprus to Greece. This view was warmly supported by the Greek delegation, which at one time threatened to withdraw when the officers of the Confederation ruled their claim out of order.

Divergences of view are inevitable in an international organisation conducted on democratic lines; and it is equally inevitable that if the political issue of anti-totalitarianism is admitted, it will leave the door open for other political issues. The task of the Resolutions Committee at the Milan Congress was to draft formulae which would cover the matters of principle underlying individual viewpoints, without dragging the Confederation into commitments which were outside its main task, and which might alienate some part of its membership. On paper this task was successfully performed, but the real test of the Confederation will remain its value as a practical and effective substitute for the communist-sponsored World Federation in the defence and promotion of workers' interests.

Reluctant Testimonial?

Surprisingly, the Milan Congress received some solid evidence of this value from the other side; from the headquarters of the World Federation in Vienna there came a telegram inviting the Confederation to a joint conference with the other organisation. The telegram had the usual terminology of communist propaganda: the joint conference suggested would have as its purpose resistance to the forces of capitalism in an attempt to arrest what was described as the steady deterioration of workers' conditions in the capitalist world. Coming as it did after eighteen months of contemptuous abuse of the Confederation by communist propaganda organs, it was generally regarded at the Congress as a reluctant testimonial to the growing influence and importance of the free trade unions. The invitation gave the Confederation an opportunity for a combative reply, in which it reasserted its own principles, and challenged the other side to prove itself as an independent and effective supporter of workers' interests.—*General Overseas Service*

The Shaken Tapestry of Sicily

By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

EVERYBODY who has been to Naples, if only for a day, if only for an hour, knows that it is a fancy-dress figure of wealth-and-poverty: golden elegance to the front, a ragpicker behind. The same is true, though not so strikingly, of the counterpart of Naples in Sicily—its capital Palermo. It naturally would be equally true of Palermo since these are the only two cities in the whole 600-mile stretch south of Rome, and they both reflect the same hinterland, the same history. It would be a better image of wealth-and-



The Cathedral, Palermo

poverty if the whole of the fancy-dress costume were a mingled patch-work of rags and silk; better still if it were a close-knit weave of golden threads and dirty threads. Because life in any southern town is a jumble of classes. Society is not arranged down here in a series of distinct layers.

Everything seems to our eyes to be on top of everything else. Ladies in furs and jewels will approach a desirable apartment in Naples through lanes fit to appear in a film as Cut-throat Gut in Singapore. A prince in Palermo may hold wassail on the first floor, or *piano nobile*, while a score of his fellow-citizens down to the cellars and up to the garrets are content with polenta and dry bread. What is the explanation for this medley? The deeper we thrust into the south the more evident the answer becomes, and by the time we have spent a couple of weeks in Sicily it becomes obvious: though then, perhaps, only because by then we have been driven in sheer puzzlement to read up a little of the history of Sicily, so rarely mentioned in our history-books. And without history Sicily is a Gioconda smile.

We have landed in Palermo. The panorama is magnificent, infinitely more so than the Bay of Naples. The waterfront is picturesque, especially if the tunny-fleet is in. Then come the usual swarm of lanes and alleys; then the elegance, and much more of it than in Naples, much finer streets and shops, private houses, public buildings, public gardens,

country villas. Palermo is a little Rome, as Marseilles is a little Paris. Then we begin to tour the island and we meet that grinding poverty of the peasantry which Elio Vittorini has evoked so unromantically, yet so feelingly, in his novel *In Sicily*. A mile up the hills from the comforts of Taormina you will come on villages that have not had a supply of drinking-water for centuries.

We go to the town of Noto for its rich concentration of baroque architecture—the richest and loveliest in all Italy, except perhaps for the town of Lecce in Apulia—but in the midst of our admiration at its beauty we cannot help being surprised at so much arrogant ostentation in the midst of so much hardship. The explanation is in one word—imperialism, ruthless, without conscience. Muslims, Normans, Angevins, Aragonese, Austrians, the Bourbons have all had their whack off Sicily. Some of them, incidentally, as is the way of all imperialism, brought great gifts, pre-eminently the Arabs and the Normans. It was Arab artists and architects who gave the appearance of mosques to the churches of Palermo in the Norman epoch, such as San Giovanni degli Eremiti, or San Cataldo, with their red cupolas cutting the blue sky. In that dimly glittering gem of all southern architecture, the Cappella Palatina, you can see the Mohammedan motifs insinuated into the Christian decoration—the rosettes of the ceiling, the zig-zag incision of the pillars recalling oriental rose-gardens and palm-trees, the marble inlay of the floors offering an Arabic salute to the Christians' King. Islam is written all over the place-names of Palermo. That long street running up to the royal palace which the *popolane* knows as the Cassaro is the Arabic word *quasr*, meaning castle. But the great caliphates gave many words to Italian—and to English: *arsenale*, *maggazino*, *ammiraglio*.

That Norman epoch was Sicily's one and only experience of tolerant rule. It blended into one creative society Norman vivacity, Byzantine fastidiousness, Arab geniality and the sound sense of the Latins. Then came some 700 years of a much less intelligent foreign rule by the French and Spanish. It was of the four centuries of Spanish rule that people said that the Spanish nibbled at Sicily, ate Naples and devoured Milan. None of these periods was, of course, entirely barren. A welcome French lightness and grace still hangs about many corners of Palermo. But I do not think that any of them left many gay memories among the common people. One of the gayest things in Sicily is the brilliantly carved and painted country carts. They often depict scenes from the Sicilian Vespers, that bloody massacre of Frenchmen still remembered by the common people from the year 1282. On the other hand I frequently saw an old man in the public gardens of Palermo telling a circle of squatting children stories about Charlemagne's knights: a far older, affectionate hark-back to the Norman epoch.



Washing day in Taormina

The cardinal result of those prolonged foreign dominations is that Sicily, and the whole south, developed only one permanently powerful social institution: the most putrefied upper-class in all Europe. From the days of the Normans to the days of Mussolini, that upper-class has always played ball with power for the sake of its chances. But Sicily and the Sicilians, as a whole, never got a chance. I mentioned a moment back the extravagance of upper-class ostentation in Sicily. I read somewhere a neat story about that. A visitor staying in a palazzo noticed that a servant often passed in and out carrying a pair of carriage-doors. He discovered that the noble family downstairs shared a carriage with another noble family; but each had to have its own private carriage-doors in order to display its own coat-of-arms. That is the sort of touch with which Balzac would have hit off the broken-down aristocrats of the Second Empire. We remember *Père Goriot*, the revolutionary flour-merchant, and how, after the fall of Napoleon, his daughters married into the Bourbon upper classes and ruthlessly squandered their father's last penny as well as their own.

This same ruthlessness in Sicily produces a bewildering effect on our sense of time. To us time means a pattern, a pattern of history, of some sort of organic growth. But where life is a gamble, and has for so long been a gamble, the present becomes a disturbing jumble. No country can enjoy a solid present if its past is not decently embalmed. It is a restful thing to visit Hampton Court, but it might not be so restful if Elizabeth and her gallant cut-throats were to get up on their hind legs and start roving the Spanish Main again. It is not so much that you never know 'where you are' in Sicily as that you never know 'when you are'. What period are people living through in an island where the Mafia still flourishes as it does?

I was talking one day to the most mousey-looking old professor beside the ruins of a Greek temple in Agrigentum; he told me how, about a year ago, two flash gentlemen came to him, and one of them, affectionately rubbing his sleeve, said: 'Uncle Matteo has sent us to you. He likes you and he wouldn't like anything to happen to you. So he knows that when Signor A. comes before you for his bank-examination you'll be kind to him'. After that, whenever I was dealing with a solid-looking gentleman in a bank, who would normally have impressed me by his probity, it was a little disturbing to think that he might be practising business-methods more suited to the days of the Carbonari, when Metternich, contemptuous of the hopes as well as of the anarchy of Italy, said that it was not a country, but a geographical expression.

I suppose the fact is that there is not much room for sentimentality, or morality, in a country which too many people with a bit of capital have treated for so long as a sort of Monte Carlo. When I went to see the Lake of Pergusa, in the very centre of Sicily, below Enna—that

lake where 'Prosperine, gathering flowers, herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis was gathered', as Milton has said it, I found that the local business-men were putting a speed-track for motor-cars all around the lake! But there is no sense in romanticising the poor either. As I was returning that same evening to Enna, and, having recovered from cursing the local gamblers, saw the first lights of the town, up on its great rock among the autumn clouds, I was trying to imagine what it was like when the Saracens sacked it and took off its women to Baghdad—when the driver pulled up with a jerk. There on the road was a poor woman, no more than a few degrees poorer than my driver, with a little boy whose eye had been torn by a wild dog. She was begging us to give her little boy a lift into Enna to the doctor. The driver's reaction was the conditioned reflex of 1,000 years of hardship and insecurity. He flew into a rage and shouted heartlessly at her: 'But who will pay me?'

That sort of experience would be bad enough if it happened to us in some tough, modern country, like America. But where a foreigner has been submitting his mind to the whole impact of whole time, as a foreigner will in an old and richly-endowed country like this, he begins to feel that all their yesterdays have totted up to nothing, and that all their tomorrows have no certain promise, and that the only unit of time that means anything here is the passing day, perhaps only the passing hour—as in Monte Carlo.

I recall the evening I was coming back from the Wine Fair at Marsala. The bus was full of young men and women from Palermo whose acquaintance I had made during the day. They were gulping down the sticky stuff they had bought at the Fair, at two shillings a bottle, singing away, careless of the night or the morrow. But my head was a medley of impressions: the day's Fair, and the place where Garibaldi landed, and the ancient cult of Venus on the tip of Mount Eryx, now darkening against the sky, and the islands of the Aegades where the last naval battle of the Punic War was fought, melting back into the sea, and that we would be passing the battlefield of Calatafimi which ended Bourbon rule in Sicily, but not the rule of the landed gentry, and that for 200 square miles hereabouts their estates have now been marked down for expropriation, and I was wondering will it ever happen . . .

Well, perhaps the boys and girls on the bus have the true measure of time, and the wise traveller will also live only for the day—if he can forget the shaking tapestry about him. It is not easy. One is sitting in the lap of comfort in Taormina, or with some warm-hearted companion in Catania. Suddenly one looks up. There is Etna bearing its little white flower. The streets are paved with lava. So many hearts have broken here. So many hearts will, like Etna's, burn and break again.

—Homie Service

Getulio Vargas and the Future of Brazil

By A. C. CALLADO

BRASIL lives by unexpected solutions and surprising attitudes. It was just as difficult to imagine that Mr. Getulio Vargas would be elected on October 3, 1950, as to imagine that Mr. Churchill would be defeated in 1945; because in 1945, the same year in which Mr. Churchill was defeated, Mr. Vargas was thrown out of power in Brazil after holding office since 1930.

He was undoubtedly popular: in spite of being deposed, he was immediately voted Senator in the elections which followed his deposition. Who could have imagined, however, that five years later Senator Vargas would be elected President of the Republic? Personally I did not vote for Getulio Vargas; but I am forced to agree with journalist Carlos Lacerda, who did not vote for him either, but who described the strange event of his triumph in a particularly apt and well-primed sentence. 'The people', he said, 'voted rightly for the wrong candidate'. Does it sound paradoxical? Does it seem to be a description of some English political phenomenon? It is, in fact, simple. It means that in voting for Vargas the people voted for the candidate who really spoke to them all the time; who told them their dreams would come true if he were elected; who directed his campaign to the man-in-the-street.

Moreover, Vargas, during his long period in power, introduced

labour legislation into Brazil which is indeed a triumph, and which protects the workers' rights. It seems to me personally that he did all that without looking ahead, without assessing properly the economic consequences of his decision. The fact is, he did please the man-in-the-street during his long reign much more than was reckoned by the two candidates who opposed him in October, 1950. But the man-in-the-street does not see that Vargas' law partly, at least as it seems to me, landed us in inflation. He knows that Vargas is always talking to the people, and always says he acts on their behalf. Vargas makes them feel better, makes them feel like individuals; and so through a legitimate, a genuine pride in choosing their own candidates in the teeth of press and radio opposition, the people voted for Vargas. They voted rightly, but in my opinion for the wrong candidate.

As one can see by studying English history, or living among the English as I did for some six years, once a nation starts being original there is no telling where it is going to stop. When you get to the point of electing for President a former dictator you had deposed, you must be prepared even for the eventuality of the former dictator becoming a good President. In my opinion I cannot see the metamorphosis yet. But one thing seems to be true: Vargas may very well govern rightly for the wrong reasons. He was obviously grateful for

his victory. After all, his come-back is a tremendous landmark in his exciting biography.

In 1930, when he was forty-seven years old, he was brought to supreme power in the government of his country on the crest of a national revolution. In 1945 he was forced to leave power at the top of a revolutionary movement. In 1950, at the age of sixty-seven, he is brought back to power, no longer on the crest of a revolution but inside the sealed envelopes of a popular election. The show of confidence in him was so spontaneous and warm that to go on deserving it, and improving on his own biography, Mr. Getulio Vargas may well become a very good President. He knows that he has the people on his side in the first place. Secondly, he chose a balanced Cabinet when he could have built one of exclusively rabid Vargistas. He has shown what seems to be a disturbing tendency in some of his speeches, that is, to ignore Congress, and talk straight to the people. *The Times* of May 14 last published an article from their Rio de Janeiro correspondent quoting from Vargas' recent speeches, and I think one could clearly see there what is meant by his ignoring Congress. But that, according to his followers, is just a forceful way of showing that he wants to govern with the people, instead of doing it aloof in his Cabinet. And furthermore, in his speech of July 6 there was a marked change in tone.

Let us now turn away from the political scene to register a fact that is probably scarcely known at all in Great Britain. According to the result of the general Pan-American Census of 1950, Brazil is the most populated Latin country in the world with over 52,000,000 inhabitants. And let us not forget that in 1940 we were only just over 41,000,000. That gives one an idea of the rate of growth of our population—27.67 per cent. is the actual figure for these last ten years. If this is so, and if we are already ahead of France and Italy, and if, in Latin America, the nation that comes after Brazil in population is Mexico, with less than 30,000,000 inhabitants, it is hardly imaginable that Brazil will ever lose the lead that she has got at present.

You may well ask what it means to be the largest Latin nation in the world; or, to be more precise, what is the meaning of calling Brazil a Latin nation? You know perfectly well that the world existed before the fateful year 1500 when Brazil was discovered, and that by then the Latins of the Latin-speaking community were as much a memory as the Trojans were at the heyday of classical Greece. You know, too, even if vaguely, that the Portuguese were already mixed with the Moors when they came to Brazil; that in Brazil there were native Indians when the Portuguese arrived, and that since the beginning of the colonisation Negro slaves from Africa were brought to Brazil to help us in this task, which is far from finished, of civilising a country of 3,286,000 square miles. That is larger even than the United States. Besides all that, Brazil is an immigration country, and we have here plenty of Germans and 500,000 Japanese. So you may well ask: Where on earth is the Latin ingredient in this cocktail called Brazil?

On June 15 the *Correio da Manha*, a Brazilian newspaper, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, and in a supplement dealing with half a century of western culture, published an article especially written for the issue by Arnold Toynbee. Toynbee saw in a world made smaller every day by better communications, and more especially in our ever-shrinking western world, a role that seems very much designed for Brazil, that of showing how people of different colour can really mingle without strife and form equal citizens of any given country. It would not be true to say that Brazilians are completely unaware of differences of colour, and from time to time in snobbish hotels a Negro is refused

a room. But there are two perfectly sober statements one can make about our racial attitude: First, whereas in other countries a mulatto is for ever considered a son of Negro, in Brazil he is potentially considered a father of white. And secondly, in Brazil there is an economic prejudice, but hardly a racial one. If you have not got the money to go to school and become somebody, you will be an outcast; and as the Negroes are usually poor, a foreign observer might suppose they are allocated so much of the hard work on account of their dark skin.

Going back to the task that Toynbee attributed to Brazil, would it be far-fetched to say that in the western world only a Latin country would lend itself so naturally to a racial experiment in absolute mixture? Would a people of Anglo-Saxon or German origin, basically fed on puritanical principles, relax, and form a rainbow community without first asking their teachers or their philosophers if this would be a good thing to do? I remember seeing before the war, when the French were trying to bring young people to emigrate to their African colonies, a French magazine cover showing a pretty smiling black girl from some savage tribe dressed only in her bracelets—the patriotic staff of the magazine were obviously trying to help the Government's drive. But would such help be welcome in England, the United States or Germany?

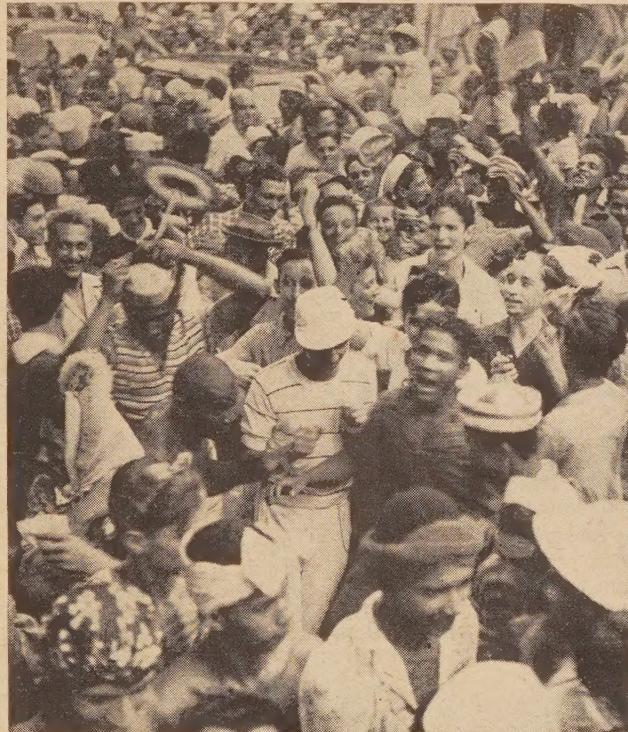
The example I chose may seem just an amusing instance, but it shows that the racial prejudice idea does not come naturally to Latins, to those people who, even if their Latin blood seems almost a thing of the past, belong to the Latin culture and have a Latin attitude towards life; an attitude that does not seem so successful in organising a country politically or economically, and is perhaps impatient with details of the utmost importance, but where the broad human impulses seem to be allowed fuller play, and where what is lost in accomplishment is gained in gracefulness and spirit.

Gracefulness brings me to a final topic I would not like to leave unmentioned on giving a picture of present Brazil. This is our modern

architecture. It was born in Europe, mainly the idea of a French architect, Le Corbusier; but it has flowered here with great strength. Public buildings, blocks of flats, private houses and hotels rise from the ground on prop-like pillars, and the sun pierces their glass and steel structures from one side to the other. They are graceful and spiritual. It will be some time before we can give all our fast-growing population such houses, but we hope that one day in the future we shall have so many of them that our whole country will be different from other countries. Like everybody else we want to see the world shrink so that we are all closer together, but at the same time we must preserve our traditions if only for fun! England is geographically speaking an island, while Brazil, discovered in 1500, is historically an island. You will always watch your Channel—and we the year 1500!

—From a talk in the Home Service

Morals in Evolution by L. T. Hobhouse (Chapman and Hall, 25s.) has been reprinted, after being un procurable for many years. It is an indispensable guide to the history of social institutions and the ideals which sustained them. It is no mere compendium; it is knit together by a closely argued philosophical point of view. Hobhouse has attempted to show that in spite of ups and downs we can distinguish in the course of moral evolution a process of rational development. The new edition, which will be welcomed by all serious students of sociology, is made the more valuable by the addition of an introduction by Professor Ginsberg, in which he discusses Hobhouse's theories in the light of later developments in sociological thought.



'A Latin attitude towards life': carnival crowd in Rio de Janeiro

The Listener

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Thoughts on Trains

IS the Railway Age or at any rate the Romantic Age of the railways now over? Mr. Roger Fulford in his amusing talk on the railway races at the end of the nineteenth century (which we publish this week) recalls for us the days of high romance, when incidentally one could get to Scotland by train a good deal quicker than one can in 1951. For very small children trains still exercise their unique fascination: father may possess a motor-car but not a train, while the aeroplane is too noisy or too remote. But for various reasons one has the impression that the train is now facing a period of decline, though no doubt we may live to see a Romantic Revival. In the first place not the same degree of attraction attaches to the electric train or the diesel engine as belonged to the old-time 'puffer'. Thirty years ago we sang in significant negatives:

The underground train comes out of a tunnel;
It hasn't an engine; it hasn't a funnel.
It doesn't make smoke; it doesn't need coal;
And the driver looks out of a little round hole.

Secondly, the railway has to some extent had its nose put out of joint both by the aeroplane and the motor-car so far as grown-ups are concerned. When one takes into account the meals that do not have to be paid for, the porters that do not have to be tipped, and the tempers that do not have to be lost in Customs House queues if one travels to western Europe by aeroplane, the higher fare that one has to pay to go by air may often be stomached—that is, if one does not fear travelling through the skies. In a recent broadcast talk by Mr. Alistair Cooke he disclosed what the American female thought on the subject in a land where competition between train and air is fierce and uninhibited. The lady in question was the equivalent of an air hostess aboard a fast trans-continental train. 'Do I hope to get married?' she was asked. 'No', was her answer. For the men who travel by train in preference to aeroplane are either married men whose wives forbid them to travel by air or very timid bachelors whom one would not want to marry anyway.

But apart from civil aircraft, the motor-car and motor-bus have long been recognised as effective rivals to the train. The competition of long-distance buses was so successful in pre-war Britain that the railway companies had to take action to protect themselves or reduce their fares to attract back passengers to their services. And in those days competition for freight traffic between railways and roads was severe—and competition continues. The railways, continuing to record losses as they have done pretty consistently except during the war, are therefore in difficulties. But they have this consolation. Like travel by air, by most of the buses and even by their erstwhile Cinderella sister, the canals, they all today in this country come under the state umbrella. The railways must reckon that dog does not bite dog; that even if the romantic days of competition among themselves are over—the days described by Mr. Fulford—there should be compensations and consolations somewhere to be found in a world where they have encountered—can it be?—old age.

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on Mr. Molotov's visit to Poland

LAST WEEK LITTLE MORE WAS HEARD from Moscow radio of the new Soviet English-language publication *News*, with its pleas for friendship and peaceful co-operation with Britain and America. True, the 'peace' theme continued in the forefront of Moscow radio propaganda as a result of the great publicity given to the Helsinki resolution of the so-called World Peace Council, but it was coupled with renewed vigorous attacks on British and American 'warmongers', who were likewise attacked by Mr. Molotov in his speech in Warsaw—to which tremendous publicity was also given in Soviet and Polish broadcasts.

A *Pravda* leader on the Helsinki 'peace' resolution, broadcast by Moscow radio, stressed that 'the growing threat of war calls for a further intensification of the struggle in defence of peace'. Further light was thrown on this struggle for 'peace' by a number of broadcasts glorifying military weapons and preparedness. Thus, in connection with Soviet Navy Day on July 29, Moscow radio quoted a statement by Admiral Levchenko, claiming that the Soviet Union was a great maritime power, 'overtaking considerably foreign fleets'. Stalin personally, it was said, was paying particular attention to the strengthening of the Soviet Navy; and, it was added:

Priority in the creation of submarines, torpedo boats, mine weapons, and many other important matters belongs to our country.

The theme of military glorification was particularly in evidence in broadcasts on the Polish National Day celebrations, attended among others by Mr. Molotov and Marshal Zhukov. Describing the military parade in Warsaw, one Polish commentator eulogised Poland's armed forces, which, 'born of the wonderful Polish-Soviet brotherhood-in-arms', were 'today demonstrating their might'.

Tremendous publicity was given to the speeches by Marshal Zhukov, who spoke mostly of the 'fighting friendship' between Soviet Russia and Poland, and by Mr. Molotov, who dealt mostly with Poland's internal affairs—as well as castigating the Western Powers as warmongers. He also spoke of Yugoslavia, declaring that it would not be long before the Yugoslav people found their way to 'freedom' again. A reply to this was broadcast by Belgrade radio, quoting the Yugoslav paper *Borba*. After recalling that the same Molotov who addressed the Polish people on their 'liberation' anniversary was the man who in 1939 signed the pact with Ribbentrop, which brought about the partition of Poland between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany, the newspaper went on:

Molotov's speech only strengthens the conviction that the Soviet Government is continuing to intensify its aggressive policy and threaten the independence of the people and the peace of the world. It is certainly an illusion to believe for a moment that the aggressive Soviet policy is relaxing. The Warsaw speech of Moscow's Vice-Premier is convincing proof that aggressive tendencies in Moscow have not weakened at all. His attack on Yugoslavia was equally a threat to the enslaved people of Poland, who love their independence and freedom as much as the Yugoslav people.

In a speech broadcast on July 28, Marshal Tito, referring to Molotov's threats, stated:

These threats were really made against the Polish people to warn what awaited them if they dared to follow Yugoslavia's example.

Molotov, continued Tito, was one of the leaders of a country in which unparalleled crimes of genocide were being committed, where entire nations were being destroyed before the eyes of the whole world:

Where is the German Republic of the Volga? Where is the Tartar Republic from the Crimea? Where are the Chechens of the Caucasus? All are dying in the wastes of Siberia. Where are the tens of thousands of people from Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania? The Russians are taking them every day to Siberia to work under the most difficult conditions and to disappear from the face of the earth. That is the fate that awaits every country which allows the Russians to sit upon its neck.

Earlier in his speech Tito declared that the Soviet leaders would never succeed in isolating Yugoslavia, because the western democracies knew that her defeat would mean world war. The west, he added, were today sending help to Yugoslavia without regard to the fact that she is a communist country, and without any conditions.

We Yugoslavs need therefore not fear Soviet threats, because we are an integral part of those countries which desire peace and which will fight, if necessary, with arms in hands.

Did You Hear That?

'WE HAD OUR MOMENTS'

CAPTAIN 'MUTT' SUMMERS, a test pilot about to retire, talked about his experiences in 'The Eye-witness'. 'I've flown some 366 different types of aircraft: fifty-four of them prototypes—that is to say new designs. You take it easy in a new 'plane. You feel your way, as it were. Sometimes you get a feeling for a 'plane; somehow you just know she's not going to give any trouble. At other times, well, you know she's going to prove the very opposite, that it's going to take a lot of hard work to put it right.'

'I had this feeling with a naval 'plane—a torpedo carrier known as the M.I. 30—and I proved right. In fact, the tail came off when I was diving at 280 miles per hour, and I baled out. The Warwick was another that proved difficult in its early days. One I took up burnt out after a crash landing, due to some sort of constructional trouble. I was lucky to get away with it—so was my observer—in fact, we had to pull him out of the cockpit unconscious. The next of my team to take up a Warwick was killed; and the next was my brother; well, he had to bale out and, in so doing, he fractured his spine and his skull and he hasn't flown since. But we got the Warwick right in the end and she proved a good 'plane.'

'I started off as a test pilot with the R.A.F. That was in the 'twenties, in the days of the Hawkers and Wizards, the Flycatchers and Gloster Gamecocks, all of them with fabric-covered wings. The Gloster Gamecock gave us quite a time. Its trouble was wing flutter—rather like wheel-wobble in a car; the machine gets into a shudder at certain speeds and literally falls to pieces. Well, three pilots gave their lives to find out the reason for the Gamecock's flutter. I was the fourth to carry on the work to test the Gamecock and, of course, in time we discovered the reason for the flutter and cured it.'

'Yes, we had our moments, some of them pretty well our last moments. Very often the crucial moment with a new fighter is when you put it into a spin. You can never be quite sure if she'll come out of it. One of the best qualifications a test pilot can have is the ability to think quickly and coolly even in a spin. It can make the difference between losing a 'plane and possibly your life, and saving a 'plane and thereby helping to produce a new type. My experience with the Bulldog exemplifies this. The Bulldog was fighter—a biplane, a great little machine. The first one I put into a spin at 12,000 feet; she wouldn't come out of it, and I proceeded to climb on to my wing in readiness to jump. Well, my weight in this new position proved just what was necessary for the Bulldog to recover, and I pushed my foot into the cockpit, pulled the stick back and then slid back into my seat and all was well, but only just.'

'After five years' testing for the R.A.F., I went to Vickers as a civilian test pilot—chief test pilot. This was the real thing—testing aircraft that had never been off the ground. You didn't really know whether they'd fly at all, and you had to find out what they'd do under any given circumstances. They included the old Jockey—a little mono-plane fighter—the famous old Walrus (it did a good job on air-sea rescue services during the last war), the equally famous Wellesley Bomber, which captured the world long-distance records, the Wellingtons and the Spitfires. There were two prototypes of the Spitfire; one was scrapped because it proved to be no good, the other was the one you saw in the Battle of Britain. I flew them both. We really thought we were going places when we first reached 200 miles an hour. Today, well we're right up to the speed of sound. And anything can happen when you're taking up a brand new machine with a performance like that. That's why twenty per cent. of the test pilots in this country have been killed since the war.'

A 'FESTIVAL OF CATS'

A one-day 'Festival of Cats' was held in London recently. ARTHUR COWLISHAW described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'I can never visit a cat show', he said, 'without getting an impression of eyes, and the eyes certainly have it at this show. There were 500 pairs of them watching as you passed slowly along the avenues between the pens. You just could not get away from them. They are

expressive eyes, colourful eyes—sapphire blue of the Siamese, deep copper of the blue persians, emerald green of the chinchillas (not rabbits, cats)—these, and a variety of hazel, brown, yellow and orange eyes. There are about two dozen officially recognised breeds of cats in this country. They are divided almost equally between long-hairs and short-hairs. The most popular are the seal and cream-coated Siamese. Then come the blue persians, creams, silvery chinchillas, blacks, whites, tabbies, torties, reds, manx and so on. And kittens—kittens were here by the dozen. In fact, I have never seen so many kittens at a single show. What material Louis Wain, that famous cat artist, would have found amongst these babies! There were any number of fanciers from overseas at the show, and I heard of inquiries from America, Denmark, France, Australia and Hong-Kong. It was quite the best one-day cat show we have had for many a year.'



Taishun Jasmin, an Abyssinian cat, adjudged the best short-haired in the show at the Royal Horticultural Hall, London, last week

You can see only its head; the feet and tail are folded in and tightly wound with narrow yellow bandages. There is a remarkable story to be told about this mummy: it was one of hundreds of thousands dug up in central Egypt about sixty years ago, when a local lad stumbled on an astonishing cat cemetery which had remained undisturbed for probably 3,000 years. The cat, of course, was venerated by the Egyptians, and given reverent burial, and no doubt this particular cat was interred with great ceremony.'

STUDYING THE CHANGING SEASONS

'In this country our seasons are determined almost entirely by temperature', said DR. C. B. WILLIAMS in a Home Service talk, 'but in other parts of the world there are countries with wet and dry seasons, or seasons determined largely by the flooding of rivers—as in Egypt and India.'

'We all know that seasons are in some years earlier and in other



Kathryn Beaumont, the thirteen-year-old girl whose voice was used for Alice in Wonderland in the new film of that name produced by Walt Disney, spoke about her part in a Home Service broadcast. A still from the film showing Alice with Tweedledee and Tweedledum

years later, and how a prolonged warm spell can turn a late season into a normal or an early one, or a cold spell can do the reverse. Thus a continued series of observations on the actual dates of natural events over many successive years has great scientific value, in that it may enable us to find the causes of seasonal changes in animals and plants—and perhaps even some day to anticipate them.

'Over 200 years ago, in the days of Gilbert White, field naturalists started collecting information about the dates of certain seasonal events, like the arrival of the cuckoo and the swallow, the flowering of trees and



The same chestnut branch (left) on April 1, 1920, and (above) on April 1, 1924; two of the series of photographs taken in 1913-42 by Mr. J. H. Willis

*From "Weatherwise" by
J. H. Willis (Allen and Unwin)*

so on. Most of the events they chose were in the spring and were usually "first appearances". This was because the return of active life in our spring is particularly exciting after the inactivity of winter, and partly because first appearances are easier to record than say, last ones. After all, you do not know which is a "last appearance" until you have failed to see a later one. But all the same, autumn events are really just as interesting to a naturalist as those in the spring.

'One of the most extraordinary series of observations ever made in this country—or for that matter, in the whole world—was started in the year 1736 by the Rev. Robert Marsham in the village of Hevingham in Norfolk. Each year from that date until 1797, when he died, he recorded the first date of a dozen or more spring events concerning plants, birds and insects. Among these were the flowering of the snowdrops and hawthorn; the leafing of hawthorn, sycamore, oak and ash; the arrival of the cuckoo, swallow and nightingale, and the nesting of rooks and the first appearance of their young. After his death the observations were carried on by his son until 1810, and then, after a gap of twenty-five years, by his grandson and other members of his family without a break until today.

'Quite apart from the scientific value of the Marsham records, they have another, almost romantic, interest. In spite of the fact that most of the earlier records had been published by the Royal Society, they were overlooked and completely forgotten by the end of the nineteenth century. Then in 1923 an old copy of some of the records was found—of all places—under the floor-boards of an old mill in Wiltshire. These eventually came into the possession of our Royal Meteorological Society, who realised their interest and got into communication with the present members of the family, and thus the whole series joined up. In the meantime, however, interest had revived and the Meteorological Society had organised amateur observers in different parts of the country and published a series of reports from 1875 until 1947, when unfortunately they gave up the good work.

'In 1944 Mr. J. H. Willis published some most interesting series of photographs showing in one case, for example, the same branch of a horse-chestnut tree photographed on April 1 in thirty consecutive years. This gives a most vivid impression of the earliness and lateness of different seasons. In some years the tree was in full flower while in others—rather resembling this past spring—the buds had not even begun to burst.

'These photographs bring the changes vividly before you; but from a scientific point of view it is probably more useful to know the date in each year at which a particular stage is reached, rather than the stage which is reached on a particular day. But of course if any of you have the enthusiasm to start a new series of this kind—a combination of both would be even better'.

ONE PALE BLUE EGG

'As a child I never could resist the fascination of birds' eggs', said DAVID GREEN in a talk in the Home Service. 'It was wrong I know, but I don't believe any amount of adult wisdom could have argued me out of it. I would heave myself up to look into a songthrush's nest and for days afterwards—in arithmetic class especially—see only sky-blue

eggs, black dotted, lying in a cup of pale mud. The last egg I took was a sparrowhawk's, and in the twenty-five years that have since elapsed I can honestly say I have never even wanted to take any egg except a hen's. Yet I still retain this odd longing to see eggs in nests, and I find others—also old enough to know better—sharing it. To the more sober-minded we must all appear, to say the least of it, eccentric. Very well, we are eccentric, a little possessed even. But each of us has in the mind's eye an El Dorado—a nest we have never seen before. For myself, I had always longed to see the pale blue eggs of the redstart, paler than the hedge-sparrow's, smaller than the starling's, lying in a neat round nest in a hole in a tree. The Common Redstart is not so common as to outwear the thrill one gets at seeing the flick of a foxy tail among the may trees or hearing—from a poplar perhaps—those happy, rapidly warbled notes that mark the beginning of the redstart's song. Nor is the nest usually easy to find.

'Two years ago, weary of redstart-hunting in an Oxfordshire forest, I prepared there, near the bank of a lake, what I considered a perfect nesting site. In an old may tree I found a horizontal hole which would comfortably take my arm and even more comfortably, as I imagined, the nest of a redstart. As a nesting-box it had only one drawback—too much daylight at the far end. But that was easy. I bunged it up with dead bracken and stood back to admire my handiwork. The site was surely irresistible. I could hardly wait for the following spring and when that spring came I hurried to the hawthorn tree. I could hear a redstart singing, but all my nesting-hole contained was the dead bracken I had stuffed in months before. A month or two later I went again and just as I was about to look in, a redstart flew out—not from my tree but from the one next to it, a few yards off. I hurried over to find an infinitely inferior site containing a redstart's nest full of young ones.

'Now to the epicure in eggs a nest of young ones can be almost as great a disappointment as no nest at all, for what is the naked nestling (miracle though it is) compared with the perfection of an egg? Very well then, I must wait another year. Often the redstart returns to the same site year after year. I would do the same. And in fact that is just what I did this April; only to be disappointed yet again. There was no nest. By now I was fairly on my mettle. It looked as though the only thing to do was to comb every tree in the forest and I set about doing so. The place was dense with old elders and still older thorn-trees, many of them riddled with more or less attractive holes at various heights. The sun shone. I got hotter and hotter. I disturbed tits, starlings, a nuthatch, and collected a great many thorns in knees and hands. As the day wore on I moved to higher ground, where a magnificent cock redstart in full song seemed to be mocking me from the top of a maple. More vain hunting. I remember saying to myself, as I tackled yet one more mossy hawthorn, "I think I deserve a redstart's nest". And there it was. The hole—quite a small one—about seven feet from the ground, the nest very neat, round and small. It contained one pale blue egg. I took a long look at it, made sure that I had left no trample, and turned for home. I would go again to see the full clutch. In the meantime I thought over what it had meant looking for that one egg: the years of waiting, the hours of searching. How could anyone else—anyone not bitten by this particular and peculiar bug—understand or believe that the find of this one pale egg was worth while? But it was'.

WHERE ALL MEN ARE 'BROTHERS'

Speaking apropos the annual convention of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine—the Shriners—in New York recently, ALISTAIR COOKE described in his 'American Letter' how secret societies have 'spawned like rabbits' since the Civil War.

'Some persuasive students of American psychology', he continued, 'have come up with the explanation that since Americans abolished titles of nobility in the Constitution, and declared that all men are created equal, they have had to run around ever since trying to prove the very human thing that some men are more equal than others. And maybe there is something in this. However that may be, out of a population of 50,000,000 males there appear to be about 25,000,000 "brothers" or members of some secret order. You would never know it unless you live in some big city with a couple of hundred hotels, which is on that score alone likely to be picked any year as the convention city of the order. New York would have looked much the same lately if it were not that the Shriners wear fezes. You would see quartets of completely unselfconscious middle-aged men gawping around the town, stewing in the heat, and at night on Broadway managing a little tiredly to squirt water pistols at passing females'.

On Translating Vergil

By C. DAY LEWIS

THE problems confronting anyone who tries to translate the *Aeneid** must finally resolve into one general problem. It is this—that there is no great difficulty about putting into English what Vergil meant; it is almost impossible to convey how he said it. Scholars differ still, of course, over the exact meaning of particular words or phrases: but on the whole their differences are over minutiae, and a translator who studies their comments and uses his own imagination is unlikely to go far wrong about the general sense of a passage. But to find an equivalent for Vergil's language, his choice and arrangement of words—this can hardly be done.

The Grand Manner

In the first place, it is impossible to reproduce the melodic variety and the complexity of rhythm which he achieved within the Latin hexameter, and almost impossible to convey the architectonic power of the original, the building up of material into units of heroic proportions—into long paragraphs. In English, where we have such a plethora of monosyllabic words compared with the polysyllabic of Latin, the difficulty, as Dryden realised, is greatly increased. And today we are in a less favourable position than Dryden was, for we have no style of our own in poetry which could suggest the grand manner of Vergil. Dryden did very largely create his own grand manner, it is true: but he had a still living tradition of narrative verse to work on (we know how much he learnt from Spenser); whereas we have not got such a tradition today. We are in the predicament of architects, accustomed to building small houses, who are suddenly called upon to build a cathedral. They could copy Chartres or St. Peters, no doubt; we could copy Chapman, or Milton, or Dryden: but the result in either case would be pastiche—something artificial and dead.

A translation which is not somehow based upon the language of its own time will never begin to come near the poetic quality of its original. Dryden himself said, 'I have endeavoured to make Vergil speak such English as he would have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age'. And Pope called Dryden's translation 'the most noble and spirited . . . that I know in any language'—a verdict many would still agree with. Dr. Johnson remarked: 'In the proper choice of style consists the resemblance which Dryden principally exacts from the translator . . . a translator is to be like his author: it is not his business to excel him'. The risk of excelling Vergil must seem negligible to a present-day translator: the problem of being like him remains. If one cannot create a poetic style equivalent to Vergil's, might it not be best to concentrate upon what is reproducible—his story—and make a prose translation? After all, prose is our natural medium for narrative nowadays. There is a lot to be said for this argument. But the *Aeneid* is not a narrative poem primarily; it is an epic, with the greater moral significance and poetic heights which epic implies: moreover, as I said, its verbal texture is one of exceptional richness and complexity. For these reasons, however difficult it is even to suggest the latter, I think the translator of Vergil will be a little more 'like his author' if he writes in verse.

Achieving Momentum

My own problem was simplified by the fact that the translation was for broadcasting. First, it was clear that considerable momentum would be needed to carry through the reading of a whole book at a sitting: some of the *Aeneid*'s subject-matter may be unreal to a modern listener—the bogeyman horrors of the Underworld in Book 6, for instance; some of it—particularly the passages where Vergil is concerned with propaganda, with illustrating the glorious destiny of the Roman people, culminating in the Emperor Augustus—would be liable to bore the listener. So speed was essential; and this kind of momentum, together with variations of pace adapted to the changing moods and degrees of tension in the original, this momentum could be achieved better through verse than through prose. The need to hold the listener's attention, or rather to spur it when it might be flagging, was my excuse—if not my

justification—for introducing here and there a sharp bold colloquialism, or a deliberate cliché which might stimulate by appearing in an unfamiliar context. But I had no wish to do continuous violence to my original. Far from it: I wanted the translation to be as accurate as possible in the scholarly sense; and I wanted it to be explicit—that is, where there are several possible interpretations of a phrase, to plump for one of them and not prevaricate. My translation is, in fact, a line-for-line one. The difficulty about such a translation, if the metre is regular, is that the original is constantly compelling you either to pad a line or to leave something out; but if the metre is not regular you lose your momentum. If I have found a solution, it is because our ear has grown accustomed to stress-metres. The metre I have employed is a six-stress one, which enables me to protract a line to at least seventeen syllables or contract it to twelve—the range between a full Latin-hexameter line and an alexandrine. A metre as flexible as this allows for great variety of pace and inflexion, lessens the temptation to pad or omit, and is consonant, I believe, with a style based on modern speech rhythms.

Narrative at the Highest Level

It is the speaking voice that I have throughout attempted to follow—the voice of the story-teller: for, although the *Aeneid* is more than a narrative poem, its narrative level is the highest one can hope to sustain. How would Vergil have told the story, if he had been born in England, and in this present age? A good translation must be a satisfactory answer to that question. For example, though the speeches of gods and men in the *Aeneid* vary greatly in dramatic force and emotional tone, the translator, while seeking to reproduce this variety, must not lose the impersonal narrative quality which underlies the speeches and in the original makes them all of a piece with the narrative proper. We are using separate voices for these speeches, chiefly because a single voice reading the whole *Aeneid*, a book at a time, would have palled. Within limits, the speeches should be read more dramatically than the narrative: if they give the listener the impression of foreign bodies imbedded in it, rather than of dramatic material arising naturally out of it, this will not be the fault of producer or readers; it will reveal a lack of consistency in the style of the translation itself. Ideally, the speeches here should be as much part and parcel of the poetic narrative movement as are the speeches in a Border Ballad, without being so stylised—quite so uniform with the verbal texture of the rest.

In the end, all such technical questions boil down to this: is the translation alive as a poem in our own language, and has it been successful in catching something of the Vergilian tone? That leads us straight into the mystique of translating. To catch the tone of your original, there must be some sort of affinity between you and him: neither skill in versification nor perceptive scholarship is enough; for no one, just by taking thought, can reproduce, or even suggest, the 'feel' of a great poet who was writing in a now dead language. You need a talisman, perhaps, as Aeneas needed the golden bough if he was to enter the kingdoms of the dead. This talisman—you can only find it by luck: you are 'led' to it, as Aeneas was led to the golden bough by his mother's doves. But, unlike Aeneas, the translator cannot be sure that he has found it. Translation, like any other kind of transplanting, is a matter of love, skill and luck. Without the luck, you cannot reach through the words and thoughts of your original and make contact with the man who wrote it.

When I began to translate the *Georgics*, in 1939, I had just moved house from an urban to a rural area. As I worked on through the 'phony war' into the early summer of 1940, I felt more and more the kind of patriotism which I believe was Vergil's—the natural piety, the heightened sense of the genius of place, the passion to protect one's roots, or to put down roots somewhere while there is still time, which it takes a seismic event such as a war to reveal to most of us rootless moderns. More and more I was buoyed up by a feeling that England was speaking to me through Vergil and that the Vergil of the *Georgics* was speaking to me through the English farmers and labourers with

* Professor Day Lewis has completed, for broadcasting, a new translation of the *Aeneid*,

which will be given in twelve weekly programmes in the Third Programme during the autumn

whom I consorted. Again, just as I had never been consciously a patriot, so I had never had much respect for, much sense of obligation to, the past. The inner disturbance created by the war threw up my own past before my eyes, giving it new value; and, imbedded in that past, was the classical training of my youth. In a time of crisis we all find out what we are made of, what is at the core of us, what we really value most. I found, to my considerable surprise, that my classical education had not been wasted. Vergil was revealed to me, as part of my bedrock. A heightened sense of the past—both my own past and that which, through Vergil, I shared with many—was added to the enhanced awareness of place, of England, and especially that southwest of England which, because I had been at school there twenty years before, was associated with the *Georgics* I had first read there. That is an example of the way accidental circumstances may combine to create at least a *feeling* of affinity with one's author. The time and the place and the loved one all together.

Passages Relevant to the Present Day

I am still much too near the *Aeneid* translation to judge whether luck has been with me again. I know that certain parts of the *Aeneid* were much more stimulating than others to translate: the Dido book specially appealed to me; so did the passages about sea-voyaging, and the speeches of Juno, Evander and Turnus: most of the famous Book 6 left me cold; so, less surprisingly, did the pedigrees, and the catalogues of who killed whom how. Here and there I can see a passage where Vergil's lines are strongly relevant to our present-day situation: if the translator cannot rise to the occasion in such passages as these, it is a poor look-out for the rest of his rendering. For instance, in Book I we get Aeneas trying to raise the morale of his ship-wrecked friends, with these words:

Comrades, we're well acquainted with evils, then and now.
Worse than this you have suffered. God will end all this too.
You, who have risked the mad bitch, Scylla, risked the cliffs
So cavernously resounding, and the stony land of the Cyclops,
Take heart again, oh put your dismal fears away!
One day—who knows?—even these will be grand things to look
back on.
Through chance and change, through hosts of dangers, our road still
Leads on to Latium: there, destiny offers a home
And peace; there duty tells us to build the second Troy.
Hold on, and find salvation in the hope of better things!

An American poet and scholar, Mr. Rolfe Humphries, has recently published a very interesting translation of the *Aeneid*. In his introduction he says, 'What I have tried to be faithful to is the meaning of the poem as I understand it, to make it sound to you, wherever I can, the way it feels to me'. He is after the Vergilian tone, as we all must be: the poem's meaning can best be communicated by words which will convey the *feel* of the poem. Let us turn straight to the passage which culminates with the most untranslatable line in Vergil—the line of most concentrated poetic meaning, perhaps, in all literature: '*Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*'. Aeneas and Achates are awaiting their first audience with Queen Dido, in a temple to Juno which she is building. Here is Dryden's version:

For—while expecting there the queen—he raised
His wondering eyes, and round the temple gazed,
Admired the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their art's renown—
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopped, and weeping said,—'O friend! even here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known disasters fill even foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Even the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan grieves the Tyrians' pity claim'.

As narrative, that has great movement and spirit. True, it uses sixteen lines to translate a passage of only ten in the original: but it does not strike one as inflated, even where Dryden takes a whole line to render the two words '*Iliacas pugnas*'. It is swift, clean, pungent: Dryden skilfully avoids the jingle of the rhymed couplet by breaking the lines and by running the sentence over the line-ends, building up his paragraph in the manner of the original. It is all of a piece. But, when we

get to the last few lines, we realise what must be sacrificed to maintain this all-of-a-piece ness. The pathos is not there. The poignant '*En, Priamus!*' is blunted by expansion into 'See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!' And the famous last line, apart from being given a specific instead of a general sense, has utterly lost its resonance. Had Dryden attempted to give this line its full emotional weight and suggestiveness, it would have ruined the texture of the passage as a whole—it would have been too big for its context.

Now let us turn to Mr. Humphries. Here is his version:

Waiting the queen

He stood there watching, under the great temple,
Letting his eyes survey the city's fortune,
The artist's workmanship, the craftsman's labour,
And there, with more than wonder, he sees the battles
Fought around Troy, and the wars whose fame had travelled
The whole world over: there is Agamemnon,
Priam, and Menelaus, and Achilles,
A menace to them all. He is moved to tears.
'What place in all the world', he asks Achates,
'Is empty of our sorrow? There is Priam!
Look! even here there are rewards for praise,
There are tears for things, and what men suffer touches
The human heart'.

The style is simple, natural, economical: no pseudo-poetic diction; at the same time, no obtrusive modernism. It lacks, though, the assurance and the narrative momentum of Dryden's version; and it still takes thirteen lines to render the ten of the original. I suspect that the metre is the cause of the trouble here. The regular iambic pentameter is committed to—or at least associated in our minds with—certain kinds of diction, of poetic style—Dryden's for one. But if you make your iambic pentameter irregular, as Mr. Humphries frequently does, by the inserting of extra syllables between the stresses, you inevitably slow down the pace. I must also point out that 'there are rewards for praise' is meaningless—'*laus*' can mean not only 'praise' but the object of praise; so '*sunt praemia laudi*' means here 'there are rewards for virtue, or courage'. But it is in the last line that Mr. Humphries really falls down. However commendable a bare, forthright rendering may be elsewhere, 'there are tears for things' simply won't do: it is as un-Vergilian as Dryden's rendering, because it too shirks the emotional connotations of the Latin phrase: and Mr. Humphries has not Dryden's justification, that a sudden heightening here would destroy the balance of the whole passage—his style is loose and flexible enough to have stood the strain.

Emotion without Obvious Change of Idiom

I will now give you my own translation of the passage. Remember what must be aimed at: speed, and the story-telling voice, in the opening lines; then a rising to the pathos of Aeneas' words—a letting-in of emotion without any obvious change in the idiom of the verse.

For, while he awaited the queen and his eyes roved over the details
Of that immense facade, amazed by the town's good fortune,
Admiring the skill of the rival craftsmen, the scope of their work,
He noticed a series of frescos depicting the Trojan war,
Whose fame had already gone round the world; the sons of Atreus
Were there, and Priam, Achilles too, hostile to both.
Aeneas stood, wept:

Oh Achates, is there anywhere,
Any place left on earth unhaunted by our sorrows?
Look!—Priam. Here too we find virtue somehow rewarded,
Tears for the nature of things, hearts touched by human transience.

Having criticised one passage of Mr. Humphries' translation, I would like to give you an example of it at its best—the lines where Aeneas is describing to Dido how the Greek spy, Sinon, betrayed Troy to his comrades. First, my own version of the passage:

So now the sky rolled round, and night raced up from the ocean
Voluminously shrouding the earth and heaven's vault
And the villainous scheme of the Greeks. Not a sound from the Trojans,
supine
Along the walls, tired out, in the embrace of sleep.
And now the main Greek army was moving from Tenedos
In fleet formation, under the favouring silences
Of a quiet moon, towards the coast they knew so well.
Their leading galley had signalled with flames: Sinon, protected
By Fate's injustice, stealthily unlocked the wooden horse
And let the Greeks out from its belly . . .

This is Mr. Humphries' rendering:

(continued on page 185)

When British Trains Raced Each Other

By ROGER FULFORD

FOR some of us an hour or two at a railway station spent watching express trains is even more enjoyable than, say, a visit to the films. Of course, you have to choose your station, it must be on a main line, and there must be non-stop expresses. There should be an open view of the railway, down which the engine can be seen, hurtling defiance as it approaches. The train rocks past the watcher, and he has perhaps just time to notice one of the passengers sipping a cup of tea in the dining-car. The contrast is striking between the roar and rattle outside the train and the peace inside. The sight is thrilling. And if it were possible to watch two express trains racing in deadly rivalry I think it would be more than a thrill—it would be uniquely exciting. If a railway race could be described over the wireless it would certainly prove every bit as absorbing as the Boat Race or the Grand National.

In this country the most celebrated railway races were those to Scotland over half-a-century ago. A traveller from London to Scotland had then, as he still has today, a choice of three routes. There was the line from Euston through Rugby and Crewe and up the north-west of England to Carlisle. There was the line from King's Cross through Peterborough and York along the north-east coast to Newcastle and Berwick. The third route followed a middle course from St. Pancras. This route went past Sheffield and Leeds to Carlisle. For a number of reasons it was slower than the other two. But the wise traveller who did not wish to be hustled or crowded, and who was capable of enjoying the scenery after Leeds—easily the finest to be seen from any railway train in England—would (and even now should) use St. Pancras. Today that line is largely reserved for goods trains and cattle trains. How silly to keep what is most beautiful for the unheeding eye of sheep and bullocks, and to herd human beings along the humdrum routes to the east and the west!

Those routes—the east and the west—took about the same time to Edinburgh. They were therefore ideal for racing. Ever since the east coast route opened in the eighteen-fifties there had been constant rivalry. But warfare, open and declared, first broke out in the summer of 1888. In those days it took about nine hours from London to Edinburgh by the east route and about ten by the west. The racing began at the end of July and lasted until the middle of August. A train from Euston along the west route made the journey in seven hours thirty-eight minutes. That was nearly two-and-a-half hours quicker than before racing began, and three-quarters of an hour quicker than you can get to Edinburgh by the Mid-day Scot in 1951. The east coast route won the race, and it was a superb performance, by doing the journey in seven hours twenty-six and three-quarter minutes. That was one-and-a-half hours speed-up as a result of racing and ten minutes

quicker than the Flying Scotsman in 1951. Honour satisfied, the railway companies agreed to a truce—seven and three-quarters hours for the east; eight hours for the west. But like many another truce it was uneasy. Seven years later hostilities began again—this time much more exciting because the race was run by night, and was fought out to Aberdeen—almost 140 miles further than the race in 1888.

The struggle began in the middle of July 1895, and here I should

explain why these races took place in high summer. The reason for this was that the railway companies were fighting to capture the sporting public going to Scotland for the grouse shooting. If it is not offensive to the memory of these long dead sportsmen, I should say that they were the most valuable passenger traffic on the English railways—a prize really worth winning. They travelled with perhaps their wives—certainly a female companion—plenty of servants, dogs, guns and luggage. Above all, they paid their lavish way in golden sovereigns, and out of their own pockets. No modern nonsense about putting down the cost of their journey to expenses, on the ground that they were going to provide the Ministry of Food with grouse for the London restaurants. They were ideal railway passengers. They were not very politely known in official railway circles as 'The Grouse Traffic'.

The race of 1895 began so quietly that the public hardly realised what was happening. Of course, in those days there were no public relations officers. Our forebears realised that human beings are sometimes more impressed by what they find out for themselves than by what they are told by officials—which reminds me

that the best people for unravelling facts about the railways have always been the clergy of the English Church: they are the watchdogs of our railway system. For this I offer no explanation, unless it be the attraction of opposites—the rush and bustle of the railways in contrast with the unruffled lives of those who adorn our rectories and vicarages. If I came across a nasty problem in a railway timetable I should always go to a clergyman for its solution. But the interest of the clergy in railways is not limited to timetables. The most graceful writer about railway trains today is a Canon of Winchester and the finest amateur photographer of railways is the Archdeacon of one of our great northern towns.

Therefore it was no surprise to me to discover that the first person to realise that the race was on in 1895 was a clergyman. On Monday, July 15, this gentleman (no doubt enjoying a little relaxation after a strenuous Sunday) was strolling round Euston station. He was startled to see huge blue posters round the entrance which announced 'The 8 p.m. from Euston will now reach Aberdeen at 7 a.m.—an acceleration of one hour'. Now the clergyman knew what was what, and he hustled down the road to King's Cross. He arrived just in time to see a high



Shareholder! Stop! Stop! More haste, less dividend!
Cartoon from *Punch* of August 25, 1888, accompanying a poem on the start of the railway races to Edinburgh

By courtesy of the Proprietors of 'Punch'

official of that railway, resplendent in top hat and with the gleam of battle in his *pince-nez*, boarding the train for York, where he was going to make arrangements for the east to answer the challenge from the west.

One of the difficulties in arranging these races was that the trains had to travel over the lines of several different companies. From Euston you ran as far as Carlisle on the London and North Western. From Carlisle you went to Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway—an outstandingly lovely line with brilliant blue engines. The King's Cross route was more complicated. The Great Northern took you to York; there the North Eastern took over to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh the North British took on to Aberdeen. Although the carriages ran right through from London to Aberdeen, each change of company meant a change of engine. The advantage to the west route of having only a single change of company at Carlisle was considerable. To make up for this the advantage of geography lay slightly with the east route.

A railway map will show you that after Carlisle and Newcastle the two routes to Aberdeen converge—gradually but quite perceptibly. They finally meet at a place called Kinnaber Junction—just beyond Montrose. From there they travel over the same line to Aberdeen. Whoever reached Kinnaber first had won the race. The man in the signal box at Kinnaber was a member of the Caledonian staff—a man whose sympathies were naturally with the west, and he had the crucial task of letting through the victor.

Challenge—and Reply

On July 22—that is, a week after the posters had appeared at Euston—the east coast route advertised that their train would reach Aberdeen at 6.45—a quarter of an hour before the west. Now the authorities at Euston were rather modern in their ideas of warfare. They believed in a fierce thrust without any declaration of war. They accordingly said nothing, but knocked twenty-five minutes off their time and slipped into Aberdeen at 6.35—ten minutes before the east coast train. A week later the east coast advertised that their train would arrive at 6.25. Again the west coast authorities maintained a sphinx-like silence, but timed their train five minutes earlier. In fact the west coast train steamed into Aberdeen on July 30 at a minute to six—that is ten hours for the trip of well over 500 miles.

The west coast had, during this period of the race, a huge advantage. They could control their stopping time all the way to Carlisle. Nothing holds back a train's time more than stops in which luggage vans have to be cleared, nervous passengers shepherded on and off the train. The west coast trains stopped only at Crewe between London and Carlisle. The staff at Crewe did a magnificent job in clearing the vans and pushing on the passengers like greased lightning. One evening a porter, shepherding an old lady into a comfortable seat, was carried off to Carlisle. If the train 'made' time between London and Crewe, the stationmaster at Crewe got it away even if it was in advance of its time.

The east coast could not do this so easily because after York the other companies—that is the North Eastern and the North British—insisted on keeping to the timetable. The North British—with the respect for authority which is perhaps a characteristic of the Scot—were absolutely maddening. On one occasion they held the east coast express back for nine minutes in Waverley Station, Edinburgh. But by very tactful handling the authorities at King's Cross were eventually able to persuade these other companies to pay no attention to tiresome things like timetables. Consequently when this was done there was a tremendous race on the night of August 15. At Kinnaber the bell in the signal box rang to announce the arrival of the west train precisely one minute before it rang to announce the arrival of the east train. On the following night both bells rang together. The signalman—and it will be remembered that he was a west man, a Caledonian servant—gave the road to the rival company. A really fine example of the sporting spirit shown throughout, because it should not be overlooked that these races were a great strain not only on the drivers but on station and signal-box staff over both routes.

On the night of August 21 the east coast companies carried their train through in eight hours forty minutes. They were at Aberdeen at 4.40 a.m. The west coast train arrived fourteen-and-a-half minutes later. On the following night the west coast, with a train stripped for racing, did the journey in the astonishing time of eight hours thirty-two minutes. The race was over. Today the journey by either route now takes something in the neighbourhood of twelve hours. As we compare these times we might say with the great Roman of old: 'Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!' I well know that railway authorities do not like to be reminded of these glories of other days. And to be fair,

there are many good reasons why those speeds of 1895 were not economic and could not be maintained. But it was a superb achievement to travel that distance, well over 500 miles, at an overall speed of more than 60 m.p.h.

During the height of battle some sharp things were said. Supporters of the west complained that the sleeping cars on the east were not heated and had no attendants. And they also complained that at Waverley Station, Edinburgh, where there was just time for a snack, the eggs were always stale. Supporters of the east coast replied with a dirty thrust. They said that the arrangements on the west route for the engine to take up water while travelling were dangerous and might cause an accident. This was dirty—really a blow below the belt, because the public were terribly easily frightened and, ever since the days of Dickens, had believed that high speeds were the cause of smashes. The railway authorities did their best to counter this by issuing a statement that a speed of 70 m.p.h. was not enough to spill a cup of coffee and they argued that this was due to gyrostatic action which explained why a bicycle is steadier when ridden fast. I suppose the Rotor at Battersea illustrates the same simple truth.

But not all the public was convinced. There were the health bores who argued that increased speed meant increased vibration which was most wearing. Every train to Aberdeen, they argued, should include long stops so that passengers could have time to wash, and stroll along the platform, thereby restoring their shattered nerves and saving themselves hours of suffering. A gentleman actually wrote to the papers as follows: 'I had to travel in a racing train and I reached Aberdeen in 10 hours. The oscillation was so great that I felt sick. Two of my servants were sick. A friend of mine only saved himself from sickness by a dose of brandy'. Happy the traveller who had such an excellent excuse for a glass of brandy.

Night after night large crowds collected at King's Cross and at Euston to cheer the racers on their journey, and at each stop they were similarly encouraged—even at Carlisle at one o'clock in the morning. But the curious thing was that the companies never publicly altered their timetables and never openly admitted that a race was in progress. At a meeting of the North Western shareholders the Chairman said: 'There is no such thing as a race'. He then added the cryptic comment: 'But our Company will not be last in it'.

No doubt it is easy to say that the race to the north was pointless. Certainly the travellers who arrived at Aberdeen at 5 o'clock in the morning, and then had to wait two hours for breakfast, were not always enthusiastic. Yet it was a fine and spectacular advertisement for British railways. In a single night we doubly smashed the record (held by the Americans with their train from New York to Buffalo) for the fastest train in the world. It was a superb advertisement for the small engines of those days, for the rolling stock and for the permanent way. Above all, it was a tribute to the endurance and steadiness of British railwaymen. The highest speed of these trains has been exceeded in the twentieth century, but to have maintained such speeds for that distance, with the equipment then available, was an achievement which will never be surpassed.

Recalling these triumphs, we can, I think, warmly endorse some words once used by John Bright: 'Railways have rendered more services, and have received less gratitude than any other institution in the land.'—*Home Service*

There is a New Morning

There is a new morning, and a new way,
When the heart wakes in the green
Meadow of its choice, and the feet stray
Securely on their new-found paths, unseen,
Unhindered in the certain light of day.

There is a new time, and a new word
That is the timeless dream of uncreated speech.
When the heart beats for the first time, like a bird
Battering the bright boughs of its tree; when each
To the other turns, all prayers are heard.

There is a new world, and a new man
Who walks amazed that he so long
Was blind, and dumb; he who now towards the sun
Lifts up a trustful face in skilful song,
And fears no more the darkness where his day began.

JAMES KIRKUP

Architecture and Design

The Economics of Design

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

DURING the past eighteen months I have been on an industrial journey, touring the workshops of Britain and examining the design problems of manufacturing units old and new, large and small, progressive and backward. These eighteen months must, I suppose, be considered a period of economic 'boom', of high productive activity and full employment: and such periods are not normally considered beneficial to progress in design.

There is a marked and quite natural tendency among manufacturers to leave well alone during years of prosperity and full order-books, and a disinclination to experiment with new ideas. New designs mean new moulds, dies, stampings, rollers and so on; they mean new workshop practice, new selling methods, new costing and advertising. Very few manufacturers are willing to sacrifice output during a period of rising prices in order to introduce new designs which have no guaranteed sale. Activity in the field of design is usually greatest then during years of depression. When men, machines and workshops lie idle there is every incentive to devise means of bringing them back into production: so the manufacturer is prepared to speculate and experiment. It is no accident that the regeneration of American industrial design coincided with the slump of 1929-31, or that the influence of the Bauhaus school was strongest in central Europe during the years of dislocation and privation following the first world war; or, again, that British design began to throw off the shackles of Victorianism and jazz-age barbarism during the economically disastrous years of the early 'thirties.

Cutting Down Shapes and Patterns

Our first glimpse of the present situation in industrial design, then, is not particularly encouraging in theory. But there are other factors to be considered. First we must draw a distinction between boom conditions of the competitive and trade cycle kind and those fostered by years of war. War is invariably followed by chronic shortages and widespread sellers' markets, and sellers' markets at home and overseas leave the manufacturer free to cut the range of his products, especially so when his former foreign competitors have been knocked temporarily out of business. 'We couldn't afford to cut down before the war', a manufacturer in the pottery industry told me. 'Our customers dictated our programme. We were so short of work that we were grateful for the smallest orders. Our markets are world-wide and very varied, so we had to carry stock and patterns to meet every possible requirement. In bone china we used to make two dozen different shapes of cup and decorate them with something like 200 on-glaze patterns. Now, we make only five shapes and offer only forty patterns, and life is much easier'.

I was familiar with this manufacturer's products before the war, so that I could see clearly that standardisation (in this case) had proved beneficial to design. By eliminating the least satisfactory of his shapes and patterns he had raised the general level of design in his wares very considerably. And his case is not uncommon. During the last few years many British manufacturers have managed to eliminate the waste of excessive variety and to look with a keener eye at the design of their remaining lines of production.

Then, again, we must take into account the great efforts that have been made since 1945 to bridge the gap in industrial progress left by the years of war. There has, I suspect, never been more talk about design, about the need for improvement in the design of our staple exports, than at present; and never before has industry been offered so much practical advice. Since 1944, the Council of Industrial Design has been encouraging, teaching and helping industries to equip themselves with new designs strong enough to meet reviving competition in overseas markets. And to some extent the Council and its supporters have succeeded. In some industries, particularly those able to utilise the new materials and processes devised during the war—aircraft, for example—progress in design has been rapid: in others heavy injections of propaganda and horse-sense have at last checked a creeping paralysis. Design has been further helped, strange as it may seem, by material shortages and the resultant controls. Under normal or typical

boom conditions the only apparent activity in design springs from the efforts of new producers, of people tempted by rising prices to enter the field of production in the hope of quick and easy profits. And these producers—most of them, anyway—usually have only a penny-catching interest in design. They flood the market with poor imitations and cheap-jack novelties. This time—that is, since the war—such enterprise has been severely restricted by shortages and controls and we have not, therefore, been loaded with shoddily-designed wares; except, we may note, in the case of plastics where supplies of raw materials seem to have been quite plentiful.

On the whole, then, I think it fair to say that industrial design in Britain is healthier than before the war, even though it is not yet very active. We have made some progress in spite of the boom, and if the present revival of interest is more on paper than in practice it is by no means fictitious. My own view is that the last five years—from 'Britain Can Make It' to the South Bank Exhibition—are but a mild prelude to the feverish activity that will follow the collapse of the sellers' markets.

I am not concerned here with the aesthetic approach to industrial design—only with its economic and commercial implications. From the economist's point of view good design means quite simply making the most of limited supplies of labour, power and raw material. It means producing shapes and patterns that are highly efficient in use, long-lasting, easy to maintain and repair, and as sparing as possible in their consumption of materials, man-hours and fuel. The satisfaction afforded by the design is an end-product and the economist cannot, of course, allow himself to lose sight of it. He must recognise that the excessive toil required to execute a design in an inappropriate material is not merely lost labour, but reduces the satisfaction derived from the completed article. Ideally—that is provided he is not at the same time concerned about full employment—the economist would prefer unbreakable cups and tumblers, fadeless, non-wearing, moth-proof fabrics and so on. And on principle he would be opposed to fashion, for changes in fashion cause goods to be discarded before they have yielded their maximum return on the labour and materials invested in them.

But the man of commerce sees things with a very different eye. In the United States the industrial designer is the manufacturer's answer to the eternal question 'how to revive a glutted market'. One of the most prominent designers in America has written: 'It is not enough to prove that design is a potent selling force. I class design as something more than the "eye appeal" which advertising stresses. A good design will open up new markets, but it must progressively sustain that market for re-sale'. Design in America is often dictated more by competition than by aesthetic or purely economic considerations. The designer, Egmont Arens, was once employed by a corporation 'to pre-figure train appearance as it would be five years later'.

Manufacture for the Market

But it would be a mistake to suppose that American industrial design is entirely preoccupied with the problems of re-styling, of making the car of 1951 look an anachronism in 1952, of inducing people to buy what they do not need: American designers—Dreyfuss, Bel Geddes, Van Doren, Teague, Loewy and so on—are among the best in the world and their work has had a profound influence on European designers. But it would be equally misleading to suggest that the design problems of industry operating under conditions of economic plenty are in any way related to those of British industry. The American market for manufactured goods is largely domestic and homogeneous: the British market is world-wide and very varied, and British manufacturers can seldom be assured of sufficient orders for a specific model or pattern to warrant the employment of first-rate designers. They will readily admit, many of them, that their designs are poor. 'I wouldn't have the stuff in my house', they say, 'but what can you do? We'd like to produce really well-designed goods, but we can't afford to take risks'. And when the enquiring layman suggests that first-class design might well iron out those infinite varieties in consumer

preference and sell widely enough to enable the manufacturer to limit the range of his products, then the manufacturer recites the case-histories of similar experiments in the past. 'Look what happened to So-and-So', he says. 'They employed Blank, the expert, at a pretty fancy figure and turned out a really handsome job. But it didn't sell, nobody wanted it. Their customers preferred the old lines and they lost a lot of money'. This sad story, with variations, was told me by leading manufacturers in at least a dozen industries. They feel that their problems are not generally understood; they are annoyed by the attitude of those critics who consider that poor design is always due to apathy, insensibility or cheese-paring economy.

Problems of Cost

I found, then, that the amount of money spent by British manufacturers on new designs—that is, the fees, salaries and royalties paid to designers—is still very small, far less of course than is spent on advertising and public relations. And the direct design cost per unit of output is usually quite insignificant. But the cost of putting new designs into execution may be very high. A new set of Jacquard cards for a carpet design, new moulds for pottery or glass, new engravings for textile-printing rollers, new dies and stamps—all these major items of equipment mean heavy expense. And there is no chance of recovering this outlay unless goods are sold in quantity. Mr. Nikolaus Pevsner has stated that an Axminster carpet pattern is a failure unless at least 1,000 yards of it are sold: that a manufacturer of decorated pottery must sell at least 20,000 pieces of ware to recover the cost of setting up a new lithograph pattern: that at least 10,000 wireless cabinets must be sold to justify the cost of a new plastic moulding. It is not therefore surprising that so many manufacturers should 'play safe' and use new designs only when they show no striking departure from earlier models, when they are, in fact, merely timid adaptations of earlier designs. It is often argued by industrialists that good design is an economic impossibility unless there is a healthy demand for it at home and sufficient market abroad to absorb surplus production. They maintain that good design pays under American conditions where there is a vast home demand, but not under British conditions where domestic demand is relatively small, and where the overflow must be devoted to markets varying greatly in taste, climate, custom and social development.

There is clearly some truth in this argument, but its force is gradually fading. Economic and social reforms have brought about a radical redistribution of wealth and income in Britain, and this redistribution is being echoed—sometimes, admittedly, only faintly as yet—in other countries. It follows, I think—and I am adopting a typically materialist short-cut here—that the gap in aesthetic sensibility between the social classes is getting narrower. Common standards of education, of housing and entertainment make for universal standards of taste. Not so long ago there was one standard of design for the rich and another for the poor, and they were poles apart. But they are now converging. It is not easy to tell from his clothes whether a person earns £400 or £4,000 a year. Both income-groups wear roughly the same civilian uniform, just as they now use many domestic articles of the same design and quality—fabrics, furniture, pots, pans, dishes and so on. Long before they are united in their common appreciation of the arts of music, painting and drama, the Two Nations of Disraeli's *Sybil* will become one in their understanding of good industrial art.

The classical theory of division of labour assumes that the increased dexterity of each individual operative must necessarily result in a better finished product; but we now know that this is true only if the article produced has been conceived as an organic structure, as an entity, and not as a fortuitous assembly of spare parts. And the fundamental problem in machine age design is to reconcile the antagonism between the artistic condition that a work of art must have a unity of its own and the economic condition that the division of labour is essential to reduce costs of production. This reconciliation can be brought about only by introducing specialist designers who have been trained to understand the limiting conditions—technical and economic—with which all industrial design is beset.

These limiting conditions are such that they are usually beyond the competence of one individual to master; and there are good reasons and many precedents to suggest that the design unit most likely to succeed is the team—a committee of specialists equipped with technical, economic and commercial knowledge and capable of directing the creative talent of the designers into the most workable and profitable channels. Where experiments in industrial design have failed in the

past the reason can usually be traced to inept or inadequate briefing. The designer is called in, instructed, and expected to work miracles. A decent interval elapses and the designer reappears with a handsome prototype which on examination turns out to be impossible to produce with existing plant and machinery, unsuitable for certain markets and too costly in materials.

Only a small fraction of British industry makes use of trained industrial designers. Many manufacturers—usually those with small or medium size businesses—buy their designs cheaply from free-lance artists and art students, and hope, like punters, to find a winner among their numerous investments. Others employ full-time but poorly paid artist-draughtsmen, hacks with neither ability nor the opportunity to do more than 'adapt' existing designs or to translate the artistic whims of the directors into working drawings. In the whole of the pottery industry, which consists of some 300 firms, only one or two designers manage to earn as much as £1,000 a year. And pottery is a commodity that sells very largely on the strength of its eye appeal.

When the Council of Industrial Design was set up one of its chief duties was to encourage and assist the establishment of design centres. The cotton industry's 'Design, Style and Colour Centre' at Manchester had demonstrated that pooled resources and pooled research could be of great assistance to designers, buyers and manufacturers, and it was hoped that similar co-operative schemes would be launched in other industries. So far, however, industry's response to the Council's pleading, which in many cases has been strongly supported in the recent industrial working party reports, has been disappointing. Some of the larger firms argue that they already enjoy all the advantages which such centres could offer, that they are fully aware of the design requirements of all markets, are in close touch with the latest fashion trends, can draw on experienced designers, and so on. And many smaller firms, particularly those who regard the home market as their chief field of activity and turn only half an eye on the export markets, hesitate to commit themselves to new expense and are fearful of bureaucratic interference and pressure. It may be that the design centre proposals are premature, that they will not be considered seriously while the machines and workshops are working at full blast. If this is so, it is a pity, for the design of British exports is a key factor in our economic recovery and cannot at present be regarded as satisfactory. The smaller exporting firms, in particular, need help and guidance in all matters affecting design, and they have nowhere to turn for assistance.

Before the war a competent critic of British industrial design told us that only between five and ten per cent. of our consumer goods could be given good marks for design. On the strength of my recent tour I should be inclined to put the figure much higher—very roughly and tentatively at twenty per cent. In nearly all factories and workshops I found *some* products of real merit—goods admirable in functional efficiency and aesthetic appeal; and in most shops one does not now have to rummage frantically to find something of satisfactory shape, proportion, balance, colour and pattern. But there is still a long way to go before the design of British goods matches the engineering skill and craftsmanship that goes into their making.—*Third Programme*

The Tall Hyacinth

Tomorrow stake and tie the plant;
For like a leaning tower,
Leaning with all its bells, the sky-pink flower
Bears on the air; the stem curves to recover
And the strong leaf-blades slant
Too high and wildly outwards or bow over.

Beautiful, grown so tall and rare;
Though a little overgrown,
A little winged and flighty for the brown
Bulb fibre in a window of the house
In a bowl of earthenware;
Almost for earth itself too tenuous.

But beautiful, so set for flight,
So straining at its tether,
And coloured like a pale flamingo feather
Or sunset light on cloud or mountain snow
Or any ground of white;
Most beautiful, expressive, soaring so.

E. J. SCOVELL

Victorian Churches and Public Buildings

The third of four talks by NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

I CHIEFLY discussed three men last week: Pugin, George Gilbert Scott and Ruskin. They belonged to the same generation: they were born between 1810 and 1820. But Pugin began to write in 1836, Ruskin in 1849, Scott in 1858. So Pugin is decidedly Early Victorian, Scott decidedly High Victorian. Ruskin is in an interesting in-between position, handing much of the Early Victorian ideals down to William Morris and the Late Victorians. Yet in his over-



St. Augustine's Church, Kilburn: architect, John Loughborough Pearson

statements and the thick style of his preachings Ruskin is unmistakably High Victorian himself.

But now, having said this, and having discussed last week nothing but architectural theories and writings, it is high time for me to go to buildings themselves and see what they can tell us, or rather what they wish to tell us and then what they tell us against their wish. The situation was this. Victoria came to the throne in 1837. By then classicism and Gothicism were both accepted for churches as well as houses, and Elizabethan and the Italian Renaissance were just joining the company on equal terms. In addition, the engineers built their bridges. They were outsiders and their works did not count as architecture.

In architecture it was the established principle that your first task, when you have to design a building, is to select a style. Once you have chosen, you have to prove yourself competent in the handling of that style. That is at least as much a matter of historical knowledge as of aesthetic sensibility. A conflict arose out of this, which goes through much Victorian architecture. The archaeologist in the Victorian chooses what his critical sense tells him is evocatively suitable and aesthetically good, Middle Pointed for instance, but his critical sense was often at loggerheads with his real appetites. There is a terrible lot that was suppressed in the Victorian Age for reasons of respectability or even a deeper, quite genuine sense of propriety. In church architecture it remains as a rule suppressed, in secular architecture it often comes out much more rampant than the architects knew themselves. That makes the study of secular Victorian a live and in an odd way invigorating study, at least if you can stick a lot of bad taste, and it makes the study of Victorian

churches so intolerably dull, except for the work of less than a dozen men (of whom Scott is surely not one). Everybody knows the typical nineteenth-century church in the suburbs, of an undistinguished mechanical Gothic with nothing to redeem its total lack of fire. Look up one of the rare books which give you names of Victorian architects, and you find that they are by Cutts, by Francis, by one of innumerable others who deserve charitable oblivion. Most of them are cheaply built but buildings no more inspired also appeared in the regions of prosperous villas. -

The most worth-while Victorian church architects are in my opinion John Loughborough Pearson, James Brooks, and of course Butterfield. But Butterfield is a law unto himself. They were born between about 1815 and 1825. No secular architects of equal qualities belong to the same years. At the beginning of their period stands the break in the handling of Gothic between a free, somewhat fragile and never quite correct use and archaeological accuracy. The break occurred in the 'forties. It tells of one characteristic quality of the Victorian age: serious-mindedness. Scott wrote in 1855: 'It is now about fifteen years that we took in hand in good earnest the great cause of the revival'. In the same years the Cambridge Camden Society and its journal, *The Ecclesiologist* (started in 1841), took in hand in good earnest the cause of liturgical reform in the planning and equipping of churches, and Pugin the cause of revived medieval practices in church ritual. They are also the years of Newman and Pusey. There can be no doubt about the honesty of the change of heart. The first correct churches are Scott's at Camberwell, Ealing and some other places, Ferrey's St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, Westminster, Poynter's Christ Church, Broadway, Westminster, and the more inspired major churches of Pugin's which were not built too cheaply, especially Cheadle in Staffordshire and St. Barnabas' Cathedral at Nottingham. But in Pugin some romantic glamour always glittered on, whereas Scott and the others were not subject to such Romish temptations.

Now what amongst the later generation distinguishes Pearson and Brooks from Scott and his like is that they combined a fine feeling for Gothic proportions with the courage to gather elements of planning from more than one source. Pearson's Truro Cathedral is a noble edifice, though totally devoid of any sense of the Cornish or the Truro genius loci, with lofty Normandy Gothic towers and an English Gothic interior—and incidentally vaulted throughout, which is a feature always aspired to by Pearson. He felt strongly that his Gothic would be incomplete without the achievement in vaults. That shows a deeper understanding than most of his contemporaries possessed. In London St. Augustine's, close to Kilburn Park Station, should be visited by anybody interested in nineteenth-century architecture. It is



The Town Hall, Leeds: architect, Cuthbert Broderick
Photographs: National Buildings Record

one of the best churches of the century. Its tall Normandy Gothic spire cannot be missed. Inside it has proportions and a management of space which any thirteenth-century master might have been proud of. Its distinguishing features are tall unbroken buttresses inside the church so that they form side chapels instead of aisles (just as at Albi in France), a gallery above the chapels with doorways through the buttresses, and a transept divided into two aisles by a tall slim pier as at Fountains Abbey. The nave galleries run straight on towards the choir regardless of the transept so that they form bridges cutting off the transepts and making them into spacious separate chapels. It is wholly successful, not at all playful and unmistakably individual.

The same is true of Brooks' best churches, All Hallows, Gospel Oak, St. Pancras, and the Ascension at Lavender Hill, Battersea. Here also elements are taken from various sources, friars' churches on the Continent, for instance, and they are handled seriously and individually, but without any demonstrative display of originality.

Demonstrative Originality

Demonstrative originality is just what distinguishes Butterfield's style although he also kept well within the bounds of the Gothic. Take All Saints, Margaret Street, St. Marylebone, which was begun in 1849, a testimonial to the new High Church aspirations. It is of red brick with bluish black brick bands and stone dressings. Its site does not allow it an unimpeded display of its frontages. The tall slim rather North German steeple is more impressive from far away than nearby. The church is approached from the south side by way of a forecourt. To the left and right are houses connected with the church. They have a mixture of Gothic windows with tall segment-headed, that is early eighteenth-century, windows, a mixture which is extremely bold and formed an inspiration for the best Late Victorians. The porch stands asymmetrically in a corner crushed rudely against one side which in fact seems to cut off part of it—a remarkable solecism. The centre of the forecourt side of the church is a big broad buttress. The inside is even more perverse and wilful, and no more beautiful. *The Ecclesiologist*, in spite of its faith in Butterfield, called it outright ugly. It has frescos, marble facing, carving, mosaics, incised patterns and polished granite shafts. It is obtrusive and graceless, but it is not timid nor dead. On the contrary it is most violently eager to drum into you the praise of the Lord.

Ostentatious ugliness for the sake of originality or self-assertion was indeed one of the tendencies of churches in the 'fifties and 'sixties, though one only rarely permitted to appear. Men like Lamb, Bassett Keeling, Peacock and a few others, without possessing the formidable earnestness of Butterfield, shared his thirst for novelty. The results are churches as original as anything Art Nouveau was to do about 1900 and singularly offensive in their clownish motifs, their ostentatious asymmetries and their wildly unprecedented details. The interior of Lamb's St. Martin's, Gospel Oak, must be seen to be believed. Mr. Goodhart-Rendel calls these people rogue-architects—an excellent term—and he puts into the same category Alexander Thomson of Glasgow, Greek Thomson. I cannot agree there. I think Thomson in his Greco-Egypto-Oriental is much nearer Butterfield in his Gothic. They were of almost the same age, Thomson's St. Vincent's church was designed only a few years after Butterfield's All Saints, and they possessed the same consistency and ruthlessness. As All Saints seems at first glance just another Neo-Gothic church, so St. Vincent's seems just another Grecian one with hexastyle Ionic portico and pediment; though I admit that Grecian was the least common of styles in the 'fifties to make use of, and that the position of St. Vincent's against the steep slope of the hill gives it a Piranesian force straight away.

But it is the tower more than anything, with its crowded absolutely unprecedented detail, and its domed top of indistinct bulbous shape, which displays Thomson's maniac originality, and the same is found in details of his other churches such as the Caledonian Road and the Queen's Park East churches. The latter unfortunately was severely damaged in the war. Thomson incidentally was just as important as an architect of office buildings as of churches, and his chief contribution there is the frank use of iron for facades. But I cannot speak of commercial architecture yet. We must first see what happened to secular building in general in the 'forties and 'fifties.

What happened there is from our present point of view—the point of view of the aesthetics of architecture—in a way even more important than the development of churches. For the churches as a rule called for the suppression of the natural Victorian appetites. In secular architecture there were fewer inhibitions, and so, during the same years in

which churches turned archaeological, public buildings turned Baroque. That is the chief difference between, say, the British Museum and the National Gallery designed essentially in the 'twenties and 'thirties and St. George's Hall, Liverpool, or the Fitzwilliam and the Ashmolean Museums, built in the 'forties. Look at St. George's Hall, by Elmes who died at the age of thirty-two, with its giant porticos of rich Corinthian columns, that towards the square sixteen columns long; look at Basevi's Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, also of course with giant columns and with its jerky angle pavilions, massive and restless; or Cockerell's Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, again with huge columns, each of them carrying a fragment of a jutting out entablature with a statue on top; or look at Sir William Tite's Royal Exchange. In all these buildings the trend towards a Baroque overdoing of classical forms is unmistakable. So is a certain boastfulness and a streak of megalomania.

The High Victorian climax of this sort of thing is Cuthbert Broderick's Leeds Town Hall with a tower whose cupola goes far beyond the possibilities of the 'forties in thick decoration and bastard motifs and whose outer walls are covered with giant columns and pilasters so that no part of the building may go without full decoration. In this connection let me quote one more passage: 'A uniform stone front may look handsome, but will always be wanting in life and spirit'. This quotation is from Scott, not from one of the Baroque Italianate group—so you see how the principles which guided Broderick at Leeds with his Italian columns and Scott at St. Pancras with his polished granite shafts and gables in the Gothic style are the same.

That is really what I am after at the moment. It is not enough to describe the development of the Victorian style in terms of the styles of the past whose imitation became fashionable. In fact most of these are already familiar to us. After the Elizabethan and the Italian Renaissance, not much came in. The grand Palladian or Christopher Wrenian of the Leeds Town Hall remained an exception before Late Victorian days. Thomson's Greek is even more exceptional. So there is only one more source to be mentioned which we have not come across yet, the French Renaissance. This was enthusiastically revived under Napoleon III at Paris, at the time when the Louvre was completed and the Town Hall rebuilt. In London the key buildings are the Paddington Hotel of 1850-52—the earliest of the big London hotels, shortly to be followed by the gloomy Gothic Langham—and the two monstrous terraces of private houses by Clutton on the north side of Clapham Common. I call them monstrous; what I wish to indicate with this word is the general High Victorian tendency to overdo all effects.

'A Loud Style'

High Victorian is a loud style. Motifs are big and mouldings thick, and motifs are crowded all over the surface of a front. The plain surface as a foil to the principal decorative effect is not wanted. There must be not too dominating a single effect. All-over covering of a facade is more desirable. The motifs are generally of one source, but the discrimination is not too nice. The style which was known as Renaissance was frankly regarded as a mixed style allowing for much variety—a variety which might range in one design from the Quattrocento to the Louis XV. Where copying is not done too conscientiously the Victorian character comes out at all seams in thick bulgy curves. The style can best be seen in the great competitions of those years, for the Government Offices in Whitehall (won by Scott), for the proposed facade of the National Gallery, and for the Law Courts (won by G. E. Street). But you get it also in plenty of office buildings in the City of London and other cities, in provincial town halls and so on. We call this style debased, and that is indeed what it is. It is no use defending it on the grounds of aesthetic judgment. A few people try to argue that its values have only been obscured by the usual generational aversion of those immediately following and consequently violently reacting against it. But it is not a case like the neo-classical antipathy against the Rococo or Gauguin's against Impressionism and the sophistication of Paris. Aesthetically these High Victorian designs cannot be saved, although their historical significance can be understood and their coarse vitality appreciated.

A fortnight ago I tried to show you how clients without training and without much time for, and patience with, art would be readier to listen to the more elementary distinction between various styles, than to the subtler distinction of proportion or the handling of motifs within one style. Now we must add that the same clients, for the same reasons, also preferred plenty of motifs to a selected few, and thick, robust motifs to delicate ones. Architects had to make themselves unmistakably

audible to impress them, and architects knew that, and besides were of course Victorians themselves. The general atmosphere of prosperity and success wrapped them up.

What that prosperity was like in architectural terms, very few of you will be able to visualise even in your wildest dreams. Let me help you by introducing to you Professor Robert Kerr who published a book in 1864 which is called *The Gentleman's House or How to Plan English Residences of the Better Sort*. That, he says, does not necessarily mean big houses. Even small houses can be designed so that 'persons who have been accustomed to the best society find themselves at ease' in them. To achieve that, certain minimum requirements must be fulfilled such as two entrances because it would be undesirable if 'the visitors rub shoulders with the tradespeople'. Another necessity is an arrangement by which 'the lines of traffic of the servants and the family respectively (are) kept clear of each other'.

Lack of Social Bad Conscience

The snobbery of the High Victorian period and the total lack of any social bad conscience were something monumental. They run through all strata. In the big house, for instance, the house in which the principal bedroom suite is matched by a principal guests' suite 'for married guests of their own rank', Kerr says, there is amongst dozens of servants' rooms and offices the Steward's Room in which the Steward transacts business, but also dinner is served to those 'who enjoy the right of dining (with the steward, that is)—the valet, the butler, the head cook, the housekeeper, the head lady's maid, and the head nurse, with strangers' servants of equal rank, and some others occasionally, by invitation, not including however any person of the lower grade'.

The house Kerr is speaking of here is one that would have, apart from the two main bedroom suites of five rooms each, twenty bedrooms and ten dressing-rooms. But he speaks of small country houses too, houses which cost only £1,250 to build and have dining-room, drawing-room, four bedrooms, one dressing-room, nursery, one bathroom, one lavatory, kitchen, scullery, larder, pantry, store-room, linen closet, knife house, coal cellar, wine cellar, beer cellar, and one servants' bedroom for two maids and a cook. As for the nurseries, incidentally, Kerr says, that 'the mother will require to have a certain facility of access to them'.

Such were the considerations of planning and such was the scale on which High Victorian architects counted. The same Gargantuan ambitions appear everywhere in the public buildings, town halls, law courts, university buildings and the like. There were in those bountiful days plenty of jobs going, public and private, to keep architects busy. No wonder then that they totally overlooked what would really have been the most important and urgent problem for them to solve. Their negligence in this respect has left us with an appalling inheritance. These decades, you must not forget, were a phase of maximum growth in the town population of Britain. Take a few examples: Birmingham and Leeds, between 1851 and 1881, nearly doubled their populations. And in the outer London suburbs the increases were even more startling: Islington 9,500 in 1851, 216,000 in 1881; Lewisham 18,000 in 1851, 67,000 in 1881.

The bulk of the architectural work that was necessary to cope with this immense growth of towns all over Britain was housing, factories, warehouses and office buildings. The housing was to be cheap and therefore not of much concern to an architect to whom his job was primarily the adornment of facades. But in its visual context it posed questions of planning which might have been—and indeed became to some Late Victorians—highly interesting. Planned working-class housing is a great rarity in High Victorian days; Saltaire, near Leeds, the new town built by Sir Titus Salt for the workers in his famous alpaca mill, is an exception. As a rule whole boroughs and suburbs filled up with badly equipped back-to-back houses wherever there was space, streets and streets, miles of them. Nobody planned them, nobody designed them. These are slums today, but often less depressingly slummy than the working-class flats, which nevertheless were indeed both designed and planned.

They began as a charitable gesture in the 'forties shortly after the horrifying Chadwick report *On the Sanitary Conditions of the Labouring Classes* had come out—very much in the same way in which the even more gruesome report on the sanitary conditions of the old London churchyards had led to the creation of Kensal Green and Highgate and Norwood and so on. The earliest of the new model houses for the working classes still exist, some two-storey cottages of 1844 in Cubitt Street near Grays Inn Road. Then, however, it was recognised that

flats would be a more useful proposition. Of the earliest ones the block in Streatham Street near the British Museum survives, quite dignified in design at least towards the outside, and another block in Deal Street, Spitalfields, less acceptable in looks.

At the 1851 Exhibition Prince Albert showed a model house, two storeyed, with an iron staircase in the middle open towards the front, and four tiny flats with one front window each. The idea was, however, that this unit of four should be enlarged in width as well as height to form big blocks of flats. It looks quite pretty as it is, with a bit of Jacobean trim—the architect was Henry Roberts, who also designed the Streatham Street block and was altogether the leading man for working-class housing—but if you try to fancy it enlarged as intended you will get something exactly as grim as were indeed the first high blocks and estates of blocks. The very first were a venture of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, that rich and remarkable lady-friend of Dickens. It is called Columbia Market and can still be seen at Bethnal Green. In an eminently High Victorian way the Baroness built a market with a Gothic market hall as splendid-looking as if it were Ypres, next to the meanest, grimmest blocks of flats. Dickens found the whole idea wonderful, and it was soon taken up by two large organisations, the Peabody Trust, the bequest of an American millionaire, and Alderman Waterlow's Improved Industrial Dwelling Company. The Peabody Trust is charity, the Waterlow company was meant to make handsome profits. The first Peabody estate dates from 1862 to 1864, the first of the Improved Industrial Dwellings from 1863, the City of London built their own flats in Farringdon Street in 1865. They are now a familiar sight of the poorer districts, but also appear to one's surprise in Westminster and Chelsea. They are big and gaunt and ill-planned, often with open staircases, and they are separated by asphalted courtyards. It took a whole generation to humanise them, that is it took the change of mind from the High Victorian mood of complacency to the Late Victorian mood of awakened conscience.

About factories the architects again had very little to say. The British invention of the fireproof factory with iron columns, iron beams and vaulted hollow-brick ceilings goes back to the late eighteenth century. When Schinkel, the great Prussian architect of the early nineteenth century, visited England in 1826 he was deeply impressed by the mills of Manchester, seven and eight storeys high and absolutely bare in their brick frontages. He drew a grim looking sketch of them and also of the iron construction inside. For at that time the ironwork was not yet shown outside. To reach a frank display of iron we have to go forward to 1851 and the Crystal Palace, and that, to say it again, was not the design of an architect but of an amateur. In city offices and warehouses much light was also needed, and so at about the same time, early in the 'fifties it seems, whole facades went up in Scotland and presumably in London too, which were entirely of cast iron and glass. Greek Thomson, of all people, in one of his early designs, appears amongst the pioneers.

The Decorated Factory

The rule however remained in office buildings right into the twentieth century to hide the construction and decorate the facade in whatever style was selected, Gothic or Italianate or French. Factories as a rule were left bare, even in the High Victorian heyday. Only occasionally did manufacturers feel it a proud duty to embellish their premises *ad maiorem gloriam* of whatever product they turned out. Doulton's in Lambeth on the south bank of the Thames is perhaps the most famous example, fairly bristling with Gothic ornament. But on the whole the architect did not touch the factory more than the housing of the people, and in this lies his great failure. Business life was grim, he knew it as well as his client, factory life was grim, office life was grim. So he regarded it as his job to hang an attractive dress over a structure which socially neither attracted nor interested him.

The town was grim too, that also he could not overlook. But the nineteenth century is a century of individualism and no one in England could think in bigger terms than the terms of individual houses. No one took in a whole town or neighbourhood. Go along Oxford Street or Princes Street in Edinburgh; it is a riot of disjointedly conceived buildings. No continuity was wanted, no spirit of co-operation or corporation. That again came only with the end of the Victorian era, and was as much a matter of social as of aesthetic change. Both these changes are intimately connected with the varied and fanatical activities of one man, the greatest of the Victorians to concern us here, with William Morris.—*Third Programme*

NEWS DIARY

July 25-31

Wednesday, July 25

Armistice talks resumed at Kaesong. Communists put forward new proposal concerning withdrawal of foreign troops from Korea

British Government asks for clarification of new Persian proposals for resumption of oil negotiations

Lords debate White Paper on Broadcasting

Thursday, July 26

Chancellor of Exchequer announces proposals for control and limitation of dividends

Agreement reached at Kaesong on five-point agenda for armistice talks

Israel complains to Security Council against Egyptian interference with shipping in Suez Canal

Friday, July 27

United Nations delegation at Kaesong meeting puts forward proposals for demilitarised zone in Korea

Mr. Shinwell makes statement on United Kingdom's rearmament programme

Report published of Committee on Law of Intestate Succession

Saturday, July 28

Mr. Harriman arrives in London from Teheran and attends meeting of Ministers

President Truman says in a broadcast that the Soviet rulers have not given up their ideas of world conquest

Marshal Tito discusses in a speech in Bosnia Mr. Molotov's visit to Poland

Sunday, July 29

Dr. Moussadeq holds meeting of Cabinet to consider message from Mr. Harriman

Armistice conference at Kaesong reaches deadlock over demilitarised zone

Three observers sent by British Government open discussions in Bechuanaland

Monday, July 30

Mr. Stokes, Lord Privy Seal, to head British mission to Teheran. Mr. Harriman returns to Persia

Minister of Defence announces increases in retired pay and pensions for the armed forces

Tuesday, July 31

Refining of oil at Abadan stops

Four British destroyers arrive off Persia

Three railway trade unions claim ten per cent. wage increase

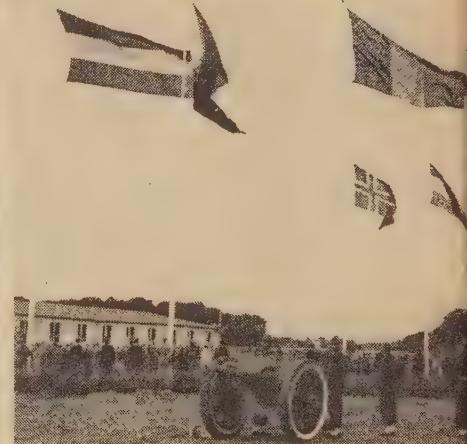
H.M. the King holds investiture at Buckingham Palace



A deadlock was reached in the armistice meetings at Kaesong earlier this week over the location of a demilitarised zone between the opposing forces. This photograph shows, on the right, the main conference building; on the left, the headquarters of the Chinese and North Korean delegation. On July 30, General Van Fleet, in a statement to Allied troops, said that although everyone was hopeful of a successful outcome to the conference, they must maintain 'constant vigilance' against the possibility of a renewed communist offensive



The funeral of Marshal Pétain took place on the Ile d'Yeu (where he died) on July 25. The photograph shows part of the procession on its way from the church to the cemetery. M. Gaborit, representing the National Union of Ex-Servicemen, is carrying the Marshal's képi and Médaille Militaire. The coffin was borne by eight old soldiers of the Verdun campaign



Flags of twelve nations flying at the ceremony held when President Auriol handed over to General Eisenhower Supreme Command in Europe (part of the Right: Count Reventlow, Danish Ambassador in

of the Danish training frigate 'Holger Danske' in a five-day visit to



The scene on the river at Cambridge last Saturday, members of the university madrigal society

Right: models in the Agricultural Machinery Co reopened by the Minister of Education on July 25.



Iranian Prime Minister, Dr. Mohammad Mosaddegh, who arrived in London on a short visit from Teheran on July 26, was welcomed by the Prime Minister as he left 10 Downing Street after a meeting of Ministers on the latest Persian proposals in the oil dispute. On the right is Sir Alexander Shepherd, British Ambassador to Persia, who flew from Teheran to meet Mr. Harriman.



The three observers nominated by the British Government, Mr. H. M. Bullock, Mr. D. L. Lipson, and Professor W. M. MacMillan, held their first meeting with headmen from the Bamangwato Reserve in Bechuanaland Protectorate on July 29. They are to attend a Kgotla where the feelings of the Bamangwato tribe about the banishment of their chieftain, Seretse Khama, and his uncle, Tshekedi, are to be ventilated. The photograph shows a tribal meeting at Serowe.



court, near Versailles, last week
permanent headquarters for his
is seen on the left)

Inspecting members of the crew
es last week. The ship was on



The fourth Test Match versus
South Africa at Leeds: P. B. H.
May who, playing in his first Test,
made 138 in England's first innings,
scoring a boundary in the third
day's play on Saturday. The match
was drawn



when, as part of the city's festival celebra-
tion, a punt was sent under King's College Bridge



the Science Museum, South Kensington,
exhibition was stored for safety during the war



Whipsnade's new baby giraffe (now a
fortnight old) photographed last week
with her mother, 'Beauty'

Science and the Christian Man—III

Science and the Doctrine of the Trinity

By CANON C. E. RAVEN

IN view of the astonishing change which has come over the outlook of thoughtful scientists during the past decade it is not, I think, unlikely that many of them would be prepared to give a sympathetic hearing to the sort of claim that has been put forward in the two previous talks in this series. That the course of evolution as we see it on our planet has its present culmination in the best representatives of our species, that these are to be found in the sphere of religion since, as Bernard Shaw put it, 'mankind is saved not by its soldiers nor by its priests but by God and his saints', and that among the founders of religions Jesus Christ has a unique status; these propositions as stated would not raise insurmountable difficulties except from the advocates of a nineteenth-century materialism or from some of the more mechanistic schools of psychology. It is at our present subject, the doctrine of the Trinity, that trouble is likely to begin. 'Why all this metaphysical speculation?' 'What has the Athanasian Creed to do with Jesus or the Bible, with science or common-sense?'—one can hear the questions even if the critics are too polite to put them to a parson.

Strife of the Fourth Century

It is difficult, even for a parson if he has any understanding of scientists, not to feel a strong sympathy for such views. A student of the fourth Christian century—the great creed-making period—must surely often feel inclined to say of the Fathers of the Church, what the demoniac at Ephesus said to the sons of Scaeva, 'Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are you?' For indeed the ethos of Christendom and of Christians in that century of fierce doctrinal strife is strangely unlike that of the New Testament. And the subject of their disputes seems so remote from human cognisance, so irrelevant to human salvation, as to be a matter on which men might well agree to differ. Gibbon's gibe about an iota may be misplaced, but at least his comment on the saintliness of Cyril of Alexandria is more than justified.

So it would seem at first sight (and even later) to many of us. But nevertheless we are wrong. It may well be admitted that to make Christian discipleship depend upon assent to a credal formula was a grave departure from the practice of the early Church; that in fact the later controversies over the doctrine of the person of Christ were disgraced by lying and intrigue and in any case dealt with questions of small religious or philosophical importance, and that the concern with a meticulous orthodoxy synchronises with a grievous lapse in religious and ethical standards. But at a period when it was important, in a world on the verge of collapse, to build up Christian unity by a close definition of doctrine and strict regimentation of practice, we can only praise those who wanted to safeguard belief both in the unity of God and in the adequacy of Christ. An easy tritheism with three different levels of deity, or a monotheism supplemented by demigods—either of these would have been congenial to contemporary paganism, and would have destroyed the significance of Christ.

An Affirmation of Unity

That Christ gave a true picture of the nature of God and that the divine element operative in humanity was essentially one with the deity in Christ and in the universe—these were contentions vital to effective belief in Christ's revelation. And to maintain them is the sole purpose of the Creed of Nicea. It is a pity that we too often suppose that its intention is to enforce the separateness of the Three Persons, whereas its real objective was to insist that they are in fact one and the same God. The unity of the universe and of the Godhead by whom and in whom it exists, and the manifestation of God in the creation, in the person and work of Christ, and in the lives and words of inspired men as one and the same—this is the assertion of the orthodox formulae. It is only difficult when we pass from its plain intention to arguments about its language—especially about the words 'person' and 'substance'.

For indeed it was reached not only after three centuries of enquiry

and debate by some of the most learned and acute scholars in history but as an answer to the inescapable problem raised by the acknowledgement of God in Christ. The Jews had, as we saw last week, become rigid monotheists: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one' was the first and great commandment. How could this be reconciled with the divinity of Christ? The issue became critical when Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, suggested that pagan religion could supply an answer; for by that time the pagan world had accepted belief that God must in fact be one—an unknowable remote Being wholly other from the world—but that He was represented in it by the gods and demi-gods of tradition who embodied some knowable aspects of His perfection. Let the Christians maintain the unity of God in this sense, and let Christ take the place of the gods and demi-gods.

In rejecting this proposal as a reversion to polytheism and as destroying any belief in the fullness of the divine quality of Christ, the Church laid it down that the divine nature was essentially one and the same, that this was manifested under three modes or 'persons' (but person in the language of the Creed does not mean individual or personality), the Father revealed in the whole Creation, the Son incarnate in Jesus, the Spirit expressed by the loveliness of the lives inspired by Him. It is difficult to find an adequate analogy but perhaps that of an artist for whose picture intention, cartoon and detailed rendering are all necessary may suggest what is meant. Creation, redemption, sanctification thus stand out as three essential aspects of God's work; the three are distinct, yet one.

Importance for Us of the Creeds

But enough about the historical intention of the Creeds. What is their importance for us in an age of science? Taking the Nicene Creed as the principal of them and considering its chief clauses in their sequence, the first which deals with the Creator has plainly a permanent relevance. By its insistence that all things visible and invisible are made by God and that he is essentially one with His Son Jesus Christ it asserts both that God is good in the same sense in which goodness is revealed in Jesus and that the world is derived from and therefore expresses the design and purpose of such goodness. This latter phrase takes up the statement in the first chapter of Genesis, that God, having done His work of creation, saw that it was all very good. It reinforces the message of the Bible that 'the earth is the Lord's', that in spite of the pain and evil in the world it remains God's world, and that since Love is the primary quality of God and of Christ, ideas of arbitrary power or of ruthless justice are unworthy of the deity.

It was very necessary to insist that God was creator and good at the time when this Creed was drawn up because certain heretics, the so-called Gnostics, shocked by the materialism and the sinfulness of the world, declared that it must be the work of either a rebellious or an incompetent subordinate. It is equally necessary today when there is a widespread belief that the order of nature is totally corrupt, that it has little or nothing to do with religion and the supernatural, and that God as the wholly transcendent judge has nothing in common with humanity and is very different from Jesus. In much popular theology there is not only a crude belief in three Gods but a heretical tendency to represent them as different in character. Ideas of Jesus as dying in order to appease the righteous wrath of His Father were at one time very common, they still exist in the pictures which represent the Son as pleading for mercy against the justice of God. Similar errors underlie the notion that the natural has no relation with the supernatural; that God's work in creation is meaningless and evil; and that religion consists solely in the work and person of Christ. Much 'new orthodoxy' (so-called) is dangerously near to Arianism.

But obviously the Creed is chiefly concerned, for us as for those who first formulated it, with the Second Person of the Trinity—with the conviction that the life and work, the personality and influence of Jesus is a true revelation of the essential quality and character of reality. That was the 'good news', the content of the first Christian proclamation, the 'new thing' which changed men's lives and the whole course of

history. Man had always been searching for 'an image of God', and now he had found it in the only shape wholly appropriate, the only medium that he could know at first hand, the only form that could call out not only his adoration but his love. The work of Jesus which compelled this conviction we considered a week ago: the effect of it creating as it did a new quality of human life lifted it right out of the ordinary levels of human goodness and constrained a recognition that it was unique, perfect, divine. 'Only God could save a man like me'—that confession was the inevitable tribute of the sinner who had found salvation to his redeemer. 'Jesus Christ Son of God Saviour' so ran the motto attached to the picture of the fish which the earliest Christians outlined in the catacombs. 'God is in Christ reconciling the world to Himself' said the great Apostle.

As to the precise relationship of divine and human in Jesus, the Creed is silent: it was accepted before the long and bitter controversies of the fifth century. But even had it been later there would have been little to add except in elaboration of the phrasing. That Christ was both human and divine; that no distinction could be drawn in Him between the two natures and yet that the two are still distinct, that He is one person, 'truly Son of Man, truly Son of God': such affirmations hardly go beyond the simpler language of the New Testament. When theologians tried to go beyond this they were liable to expose themselves to the charge of preaching a divine intruder or an inspired man—both of which are technical heresy. The controversies are neither edifying in their incidents nor profitable in their results, save in so far as they left the original paradox unresolved. They tore Christendom to pieces and left the most ancient Christian sees an easy prey to Islam. On the victors in the conflicts Gibbon's sneer, 'The title saint proves that they were successful', is not unjust.

But the fact is that in the fifth century, when the stability of the Roman world had been shattered and men were living on the edge of the Dark Ages, God and man had become so far estranged that any real unity even in the unique Jesus was hardly to be accepted. If God were eternal, man ephemeral, God incapable of suffering, man a sufferer from birth, God changeless, man changing, an incarnation must be a contradiction in terms. All that the Church could do was to reaffirm the adequacy, the proven efficacy, the religious significance of Jesus, and leave it to other ages to work out within the paradox a more satisfying conclusion. It is at least possible for us, thanks to the existence of the Creeds, to maintain the oneness of God and man in Christ, and to insist that, if true, such a belief has far-reaching consequences upon our concepts both of the divine and of the human. It also leaves us free to assert that Christ is unique but also representative; and to reject the error of those who seek to magnify His value by giving Him an

exclusive claim to sanctity and to exalt Him by degrading and profaning everything else.

In this regard (and it is surely of vital importance) our belief in the Third Person of the Trinity is of profound significance. Unfortunately, as is generally recognised, the doctrine of the Holy Spirit is the most neglected and the least understood part of Christian theology. Though the fact of the indwelling life and energy of the Spirit was in the earliest Church the chief criterion of discipleship, and though the proof of that indwelling is to be seen in the passion and the permanence of the deeds and writings of those first disciples, yet all too soon the Spirit's operation was confined within strictly limited and officially approved channels, and His gifts were identified with the rites which the hierarchy were privileged to bestow. The speed and the measure of this change are to be seen in the fact that the original Nicene Creed contained only the bare words 'I believe in the Holy Spirit' and that there exist but few and disappointing treatises to amplify this clause.

Yet even so the belief is essential and in some senses primary. If we are not capable of a measure of inspiration, if we cannot believe that our gifts of insight and fortitude, our love and joy, are a true evidence of the nature of reality, then religion becomes indeed a jump in the dark and any claim on our part to communion with God will be an arrogance if not a delusion. Unless we can be assured that what we accept as good is truly good, and that our glimpses of deity are not wholly unrelated to the Godhead, theology would seem to have little basis. Moreover, unless we hold and develop faith in the Spirit, our great doctrines become meaningless; creation becomes a mere carpentry; Incarnation an arbitrary and unintelligible theophany; Atonement an act of faith without explanation or effect; our doctrine of Man inescapably humanistic and Pelagian.

We may hesitate to take in its simple meaning the Apostle's words that 'as many as are led by the Spirit of God these are the sons of God', or, believing that 'the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, fortitude' and the rest, to affirm that wherever these are manifest, there we may recognise the working of the divine. But even if this may seem too wide an interpretation, we are yet, if we would hold to the Creed, constrained to believe that inspiration by the Spirit of Christ is a real sharing in His divinity, and that human beings like ourselves can and do experience the same reality which is manifested in creation and uniquely presented to mankind in the person of the Son of Man.

Three permanent modes of the one divine Being; three distinct but yet identical spheres of operation; God beyond and among and within; One and the same.—*Home Service*

Results of Recent New Testament Research

C. H. DODD gives the last of four talks

IN this final talk I want to try to estimate some of the results which are accruing to the study of the New Testament from the exploration of the background, of which I spoke in my first talk, and the new approach to criticism, which was the subject of my second. The whole tendency of recent research, as we saw, is to treat the New Testament as the deposit of a tradition, partly oral and partly written, which was transmitted as a function of the total life and activity of a growing community. It was a less bookish community than we have sometimes imagined it. Its literary production, nearly to the end of the apostolic period, was occasional and almost accidental, and rested upon a large substratum of oral tradition. If we keep this fact steadily in view, we may not be led directly to the solution of all the old critical problems, but at any rate it suggests a fresh way of putting the questions; and here, as in other fields, to learn to put the question aright is half-way to the answer.

Let me offer one or two examples. Take the much debated problem of the authorship of the First Epistle of Peter. The discussion has constantly turned upon the question whether or not certain passages in that Epistle which resemble passages in the Epistles of Paul are or are not the result of borrowing and, if so, in which direction. Recently, however, strong grounds have been urged for the conclusion that whole sections of this epistle, including those which have seemed to echo

Paul, represent not so much the work of any individual author, as the common tradition of teaching in the early Church. Such passages are either something in the nature of a conspectus of the duties of a Christian, or else a catena of quotations from the Old Testament designed to illustrate and confirm the central convictions of the Gospel. That is, they belong to two of the main groups of oral material to which I referred last week. I do not think this gets us much nearer to deciding whether or not Peter wrote the Epistle, but it puts the question of authorship in a different light, and it leads us, without deciding the question of authorship, to a clearer understanding of the place and significance of the document in the life of the early Church.

Again, the problem of the Pastoral Epistles (those to Timothy and Titus) is reopened. That problem has long been posed in the form: 'Were these letters written by Paul or were they not?' Minute analysis of the language and idiom has seemed to point to the conclusion that, while certain portions would be entirely at home in the Pauline corpus, long stretches show a linguistic character alien from that of genuine Pauline writings. This suggested the hypothesis that a late author, or editor, took over some fragmentary Pauline writings which had survived unpublished and wove them into a composition of his own. But this hypothesis has always met with some scepticism. It was suggested some few years ago that we might regard these epistles as the con-

tinuous deposit of a living and growing tradition in some of the Pauline churches. Closer examination, by the methods of form-criticism, is, I believe, going far to confirm this suggestion. Many sections, amounting indeed to the larger part of the epistles, have just that character which we have learned to associate with the traditional forms of catechetical instruction, while from time to time there are passages which read like extracts from forms of the *kerygma*, or apostolic preaching. The recurrent formula, 'This is a faithful saying', seems almost expressly to point to definite items in the scheme of oral instruction which the readers had received. Upon this view it is quite possible that certain fundamental portions of these epistles may be drawn from communications received, in writing or by word of mouth, from the Apostle himself, while the latest portions might well be editorial notes added when the documents were prepared for publication. Between these extreme limits many stages of tradition might be represented, without the possibility of drawing any sharp lines. Regarded in this way, the Pastoral Epistles are seen to have a special value as documents for the living tradition of the Pauline communities, possibly over a considerable period.

A Common Pattern

These examples will serve to indicate the way in which the new methods are affecting the discussion of long-standing critical problems. But it is in the criticism of the Gospels that they have made most difference. The generally accepted conclusions of the literary criticism of the late nineteenth century, as I said last week, I believe to be still valid and important: that the Gospels according to Matthew and Luke are based largely upon Mark as a written source, and that each of them probably had also one or more other written sources at his disposal, one of which at least they used in common. But Form-criticism draws attention to a different set of facts, not less important as critical data. Formally, all the Gospels, including the fourth, show a broad common pattern. Each of them falls into two main divisions. One division has the form of a sustained and detailed narrative, in which each episode leads on to the next, and all work towards a dramatic climax: the story of the sufferings, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. In each Gospel, the other main division, forming the earlier part of the work, is more miscellaneous in character. It consists of a series of anecdotes, dialogues and sayings. Each episode is more or less complete in itself. Their connections with one another are loose. The chronology is vague. They are like snapshots illustrating various aspects of the ministry of Jesus. In this part of the Gospels, as contrasted with the Passion-narrative, there is greater freedom of treatment, and there is no close agreement either in the choice of incidents or in the order in which they are narrated. There are differences of order even among the Synoptic Gospels, still more between them and the Fourth Gospel.

We seem led to the conclusion that these separate units of narrative and teaching were drawn by the Evangelists, or by the authors of any documents they may have used as sources, from a general reservoir of tradition. They seem to have felt themselves bound to preserve, in large measure, the characteristic forms which the material had assumed as it was handed down by word of mouth at a stage considerably anterior to the beginnings of a Christian literature. It was a diversified and flexible tradition, accommodating itself to the various purposes it served in the teaching, preaching and worship of the early Church. Such oral tradition is of course sensitive to the changing conditions and interests of the community. The Gospels often reflect, in the selection and presentation of their materials, the particular interests of the Church in the early stages of its history. But the very fact that this material was preserved, shaped and used in such various ways attests the overriding interest which the Church had from the beginning in authenticated recollections of what Jesus had said and done, as a source of guidance, instruction and inspiration for its own life.

The Broad Scheme

The separate units, then, of narrative and teaching which Form-criticism isolates in the Gospels reflect various aspects of a common tradition. The weaving of the units into a single narrative is the work of the individual evangelists, acting according to their own best judgment, without detailed guidance from tradition. Yet they do not act in complete freedom. In all four Gospels a certain skeleton outline can be discerned: Jesus is baptised by John the Baptist; He conducts a ministry of teaching and healing, mainly or even altogether in Galilee;

then He leads His disciples up from Galilee to Jerusalem, which is to be the scene of His sufferings and death. In all the Gospels this departure for Jerusalem is announced with a certain emphasis and solemnity, as a landmark in the course of the story.

This broad scheme serves to give some measure of continuity to the loosely connected episodes. It can be seen to follow closely the brief outline of events as it is given in typical renderings of the apostolic preaching or *kerygma*. Thus the bony structure on which the Gospels are all framed can be traced to the most primitive tradition.

In all forms of *kerygma* that we can recover, the main emphasis is laid on the closing scenes: the sufferings, death and resurrection of Christ. The same emphasis recurs in the structure of the Gospels. It is in these closing scenes, as we have seen, that they present a form of sustained, continuous narrative quite unlike their other parts. This form is patently common to all four. It must have some common origin. From a well-known passage in Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians we are led to infer that a 'declaration', or recital, of the Passion accompanied the weekly celebration of the Eucharist in the early Church, as a 'memorial' of Christ. Here, it seems probable, we have the setting (*the Sitz im Leben*) in which the Passion-narrative was framed. The deliberate recollection of the historical facts was from the first an essential element in the central act of Christian worship.

If at this point we combine the methods of Form-criticism and of the older source-criticism, we seem led to the conclusion that there existed, at the pre-literary stage, three independent Passion-narratives, closely similar in pattern, and recording the same sequence of events, though with considerable variation in the detail of their contents. One of these is represented by Mark, a second utilised by Luke along with Mark, the third represented by the Fourth Gospel (the Passion-narrative of Matthew being no more than a revised and enlarged revision of Mark). These three are taken with much probability to derive from the usage of three several churches. The variations among them are such as were more likely to arise in the course of oral transmission than in the copying and editing of documents.

To sum up, the newer criticism thinks of the Gospels as variations upon a common pattern which consists fundamentally of a summary of the main course of the career of Jesus as an introduction to the narrative of His sufferings, death and resurrection, the Passion-narrative itself being rendered with some detail, and the introductory summary of the ministry being filled out from the general reservoir of tradition. All three elements—the summary, the supplementary matter, and the Passion-narrative—can be associated in various ways with an oral tradition which shows clear signs of development through a course of years, but in its central portions is as nearly primitive as anything we can recover.

Twofold Vision of the Fourth Gospel

What I have said so far applies most directly to the Synoptic Gospels, but it is one of the most interesting results of the new approach that we are able to apply common methods of criticism to the Synoptics and the Fourth Gospel alike. Certainly the problem of the Fourth Gospel is more complex. Our exploration of the background, both Jewish and Hellenistic, is making it possible for us to define with more precision the character of this work, and the standpoint from which it is written. On one side of it, it is a Hellenistic work of the first century, dealing, like some other popular writings of the period, with the subject of eternal life through the knowledge of God. It speaks a language which would be readily intelligible to devout and thoughtful people interested in the 'higher paganism' of the time. But it is also deeply penetrated with a strain of thought and language most nearly akin to that of rabbinic Judaism. The attempt to analyse out passages which are Hellenistic and passages which are Hebraic in character, and to set them apart, does not meet with great success. Every part of the Gospel, almost every sentence, can be read from a Hellenistic angle and from a Jewish angle, and this twofold vision gives a stereoscopic depth to its perspective.

This unique fusion of Hebraic and Hellenistic elements determines the peculiar idiom, both of language and of thought, which the Evangelist has chosen as the vehicle of his interpretation of the Gospel story. The dialogues and speeches by means of which the teaching of Jesus is presented have their nearest formal parallels in the Hermetic writings and similar literature of Hellenism. The dialogues of the Synoptic Gospels on the other hand have their closest analogues in the rabbinic tradition. This is what we should expect, since Jesus was recognised by His Jewish contemporaries as a Rabbi (even if a heretical

one). We must therefore conclude that the Synoptic Gospels represent more faithfully the manner in which Jesus actually taught. Yet there are many places in the Fourth Gospel where the Synoptic, or Rabbinic, pattern can be clearly traced, within John's more elaborate, Hellenistic, form of composition. Everywhere we must make allowance for the transposition of the whole material into a new medium; but when we have done this, we can recognise that the fourth Evangelist, like the others, is drawing upon a common reservoir of tradition. This tradition shows through most clearly in the Passion-narrative, where John, like the others, was more strictly bound by an already accepted form of recital. But in the earlier parts of the Gospel also a number of episodes, such as the feeding of the multitude, the healing of the nobleman's son, and the healing at Bethesda, are of such a character that, apart from some Johannine turns of phrase, they might well have appeared in any of the Synoptic Gospels.

More important still, the main outline of the narrative part of the *kerygma* reappears in the Fourth Gospel, in spite of John's rearrangement of the sequence of events in the ministry. The journey from Galilee to Jerusalem, the turning-point of the whole story, is announced with all due emphasis and solemnity in chapter seven. It is true that this appears as only one of several journeys to Jerusalem. But here, once again, a consideration of the form or pattern of the narrative may provide a clue. John has adopted a plan by which the whole ministry is presented in seven acts or episodes, and each of these episodes, while it contributes to the development of the whole, is also relatively complete in itself, and each alludes more or less distinctly to the final climax, the death and resurrection of Christ. By way of sharpening this anticipatory reference, in five out of the seven main episodes the Evangelist has introduced a journey of Jesus to the place where sufferings and death await Him, thus echoing at each several stage of the narrative the plot of the *kerygma* in which it was originally embedded.

It is here, I believe, that we are to find the solution of the old problem of the different order of events in the Fourth Gospel as compared with the other three. That problem is not to be solved by juggling with the chronology, still less by some arbitrary rearrangement of the text of the work as it has come down to us—at which many critics tried their hands in the last half-century. It demands that we should seek to understand how John's purpose, to provide an interpretation of the Gospel in a new medium, has determined the structure and pattern of his work, while he continues to draw from the common store of ancient tradition.

You will see that all this new work on the Gospels supplies a fresh perspective for the perennial problem of their value and credibility as sources for the life of Jesus. The immediate aim of the most active historical criticism of the New Testament at the present time is to reconstruct, as faithfully, as scientifically, as possible, the Church's central and primitive tradition about that which it held to be most vital to its own existence and its mission in the world. This tradition is found to take varied forms, related to the changing situations in a lively and progressive community. In all forms it is found to be orientated towards certain central affirmations about Jesus Christ—what He did, what He said, and what happened to Him. These affirmations are seldom by way of plain items of information. The facts are communicated to us laden with meaning. All through, fact and meaning are integrated into a single, but complex, picture. The problem of the 'quest of the historical Jesus' (to use a long familiar phrase) might be put in these terms: Granted this tradition, firm, central, and primitive, what manner of person, what kind of career in history, and what events as the climax of that career, are required to account credibly for the tradition, and for the character of the community which stands behind it? So conceived, the 'quest' appears to have good prospect of valuable results.—*Third Programme*

On Translating Vergil

(continued from page 172)

And the sky turned, and darkness
Came from the ocean, the great shade covering earth
And heaven, and the trickery of the Greeks.
Sprawling along the walls, the Trojans slumbered,
Sleep holding their weary limbs, and the Greek armada,
From Tenedos, under the friendly silence
Of a still moon, came surely on. The flagship
Blazed at the masthead with a sudden signal,
And Sinoi, guarded by the fates, the hostile
Will of the gods, swung loose the bolts; the Greeks
Came out of the wooden womb.

Mr. Humphries has the edge over me there, I think. His opening lines: 'And the sky turned, and darkness Came from the ocean, the great shade covering earth And heaven, and the trickery of the Greeks' seems to me to have caught the Vergilian tone excellently: and his 'the flagship Blazed at the masthead with a sudden signal' is a great improvement on my own translation. Here Mr. Humphries gets an advantage from his shorter line, which makes for concentration, and thus encourages the striking phrase. On the other hand, he has left out 'litora nota petens'—'making for the well-known coast', which is a pity: for although such phrases as 'litora nota' are sometimes clichés in Vergil, here the words have a precise dramatic force.

This brings me to my last point. If, like Mr. Humphries, you are not attempting a line-for-line translation, why leave anything out? He says in his introduction: 'I have been trying to translate the poem, rather than transliterate its words'. But are the two aims mutually incompatible? It is open to question, I know. In translating lyrical poetry, such transliteration would clearly be ridiculous. But, with epic narrative, my own view is that one of the liberties a translator should be very wary of taking is the omission of phrases. Vergil did not live to give the *Aeneid* its final polish, certainly: had he done so, many passages might have been altered, and some taken out. But I doubt if it is the translator's business to do Vergil's revision for him. And, if you argue that certain things are best left out in the modern reader's interest, you should logically leave out, not a phrase or allusion here and there, but whole passages—those tedious casualty lists in the later books for example. For the Roman reader such passages had, no doubt, the same fascination as old copies of *Wisden* have for the

cricket lover: he liked the aura of the semi-mythical names they introduced; he would find among them Italian family- or place-names well known to him. These are rebarbative enough to the modern reader: but I do not see how you make your translation more Vergilian by cutting them out.

Let the translator by all means be faithful to Vergil in his fashion—by re-ordering Vergil's words to suit the speech-rhythms or the literary language of his own day; by a choice of vocabulary which may bring the original poem alive into the heart of the contemporary reader; by sharpening an image, or even introducing a metaphor where none was, in the attempt to follow the higher flights of Vergil. All this is to be true to the spirit of the original. But there are also times when one is most true to the spirit by being true to the letter. Dryden knew this. Though his translation is in a way extremely free, and often extremely inaccurate, time after time we are surprised by the effects he gets from a strict fidelity. The passage I am going to end with illustrates two things: first, the advantage Dryden had over us moderns in possessing an artificial literary language—for Vergil's style is a literary and highly artificial one, remote from the popular language and speech rhythms on which modern poets tend to base their diction: secondly, notice how Dryden repeats the heavy alliteration of the Latin, and how he expands a single word, 'improba', into an image which is both arresting and precisely interpretative of the meaning of that word.

*Impastus stabula alta leo ceu saepe peragrans,
(suadet enim vesana fames) si forte fugacem
consperit capream aut surgentem in cornua cervum.
gaudet, hians immane, comasque arrexit et haeret
visceribus super incumbens, laxit improba taeter
ora crux . . .*

Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat, who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag, that grazes on the plain—
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws:
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
He fills his famished maw; his mouth runs o'er
With unchewed morsels, while he churns the gore.

—*Third Programme*

The Spirit of the Cotswolds

By H. J. MASSINGHAM

WHEN Michelangelo was given a commission by pope or prince to make a statue or design a building, his practice was to join the masons at the quarry-face of the Carrara stone and select his own blocks—that is to say, it is no use talking about 'the spirit of the Cotswolds' unless you well consider out of what it rose.

Imagine for a moment that the world really was created in a week; by such reckoning Thursday was the Jurassic Age of the enormous reptiles and the tiny mammals, and on Thursday the oolite limestone (so called from the egg-like granules of which it is composed) was laid down in tropical seas and on shores of steaming marshy forests. Those forests would mainly consist of plants like that pestilent weed, marestail (only they were then big trees). This limestone sank ten storeys down under the earth when other rocks were piled on top of it on Friday and Saturday, but on the occasions when geological upheaval pushed it to the surface it happens to be the finest building stone in western Europe. It possesses four great qualities: it is easy to quarry and easy to work with chisel and mallet; as time runs on, it becomes more and more durable; its texture weathers beautifully and has the particular virtue of absorbing the light which coarser stones repel. Lastly, its variations of colour on a building are always pleasing—a soft tranquil dove-grey in the heart of the wolds, a rich autumnal tawny or ochre in the eastern Midlands, due to a stain of carbonate of iron, and a warm buff or a pale gold tinge in the region of Bath.

This stone has been the making of the Cotswolds, no matter from what point of view you look at them. This is true whether your interest be landscape or architecture, or the layout of villages and small towns, or history, or archaeology, or craftsmanship, or in general terms the enjoyment of a fine countryside with a profoundly expressive, matured, very long and continuous rural tradition. As a matter of fact, Cotswold building in stone began about 1,800 B.C. and only came to an end after A.D. 1800 when the biggest break in our history—the Industrial Revolution—occurred and proved disastrous to vernacular and regional architecture.

The first colonists and farmers on the wolds made the ceremonious portals to their tombs, or long barrows, of unmortared wafers of stone, so delicately fitted together in their courses that no subsequent wallers—and the Cotswolds are a network of stone walls—have equalled their superb technique. Years ago I knew a waller who discouraged his two sons from stonework because there was no longer a living to be made

out of it. At weekends these sons used to build up the walls round their gardens, and then pull them down to build them up again a week later, simply because they had inherited the skill and the passion to build in stone. Here then is one element in the spirit of the Cotswolds—an inherited vocation in stone-craftsmanship.

Just as the stone walls were built in one style, so were the domestic buildings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth century—the Gothic style. And why?

Not because the builders were too mentally dull and imitative to invent a new style but simply because this solid, simple, durable structure, its rectangular form, its high-pitched stone roof, its gables and dormer-windows were what best suited the nature of the stone and the character of the landscape. Thus we arrive at a second element in the spirit of the Cotswolds: the perfect harmony prevailing between the bones of the landscape—that is, its native stone; its flesh—that is, the grassy wolds in their huge wave-like undulations; and its expression or soul; the artistic use made of these natural features by regional man. And the key-industry of the Cotswolds, the wool-trade, fits completely into the pattern because the limestone produces just the type of grass best suited for flocks of sheep to graze it.

But because Cotswold architecture was single-minded in its vernacular style, that does not mean it is monotonous and over-conservative. On the contrary, it is full of variations in sensitive response to the changes in building fashions between the Middle Ages and the eighteenth century. This seems like a meaningless paradox. But what I mean is that, though the Cotswold Gothic house (from pigsty to manor) did not alter in appearance and construction until stone-build-

ing came to an end, its minor and secondary characters did alter. In wrought-iron work, doorways, brackets, finials, dovecots, porches, chimneys, window-fastenings, woodwork and so on, you can pretty well always tell whether a manor house, or even a farmstead, is Renaissance, Elizabethan, Stuart, Queen Anne, Georgian or even Regency. So you get a delicate balance or poise between the persistent native tradition and external influences, between self-determination and adaptation. And this too is an integral part of the Cotswold spirit.

The countryside too reveals exactly the same compromise between austerity of flowing line and a multiple diversity in brooks, valleys, woodlands, wild flowers and luxuriance of vegetation. You might compare the Cotswold landscape and the Cotswold building style with an epic, and all the varied and lovable detail of both a series of lyric poems embedded in it.—*Midland Home Service*



Houses in Cotswold stone at Bibury, Gloucestershire

G. F. Allen

Short Story

Palmer

By P. H. NEWBY

NATIVE labour was recruited from the fishing village on the other side of the lake. The Company gave orders that rafts were to be constructed. These were moored on the site of the dredging operations and used as temporary living quarters. Those natives who wished were free to construct cabins out of bamboo and rushes; but, the nights being warm, the majority preferred to stretch out under the stars. Rations of rice, millet, and onions were supplied by the Company and the diet was supplemented by fish caught by the natives themselves. A fire-resisting platform of hardwood was built on each raft. Here fires for cooking were lit.

So far so good. Lindman had a neat cabin on the largest of the rafts. Palmer, the Negro foreman, also had a raft with a cabin. Neither he nor Lindman could talk to the natives. There had been an interpreter, a Greek, but after the first week he returned to Killam's Headquarters. He had tried to explain the kind of work they were expected to do for their shilling a day. They had not understood. Lindman had wanted it explained to them that forty thousand cubic metres of mud would have to be lifted from the lake bottom, by hand, within the next two months. Then there would be enough clearance for a dredger and they could receive a bonus. When the time came he did not know how to get them to work.

'Get 'em up on the beach there, Mister', said Palmer.

Mostly they wore loin-cloths. They sat down among the English-looking ferns and stopped chattering when Palmer began taking his clothes off. He put his straw hat in Lindman's hand and drew his shirt over his head. His black torso was touched with blue. He slipped out of his trousers and stood facing them, as big as any two of them put together.

They watched him intently. Without a word, knowing that words were useless, he turned towards the lake, raised his arms level with his shoulders and stared down the line of buoys. His body was held unnaturally erect and, stepping into the water, he lifted his legs like a show pony. The water clouded. Never once did he look back. Lifting his knees high he marched steadily out into the lake until he was a jet fragment thrown against the sun-dazzle a quarter of a mile away. He was level with Lindman's raft and he turned. They saw that his arms were well clear of the water.

The crowd of natives breathed lightly, never for one moment daring to take their eyes off the ebony man. Although Palmer did not speak his outspread arms were eloquent.

Ah, said the crowd, some of them rising to their feet. Palmer had, for the moment, disappeared. He rose once more, clasping his hands across his chest which, at that distance, seemed formless and massive. He was clasping mud. He marched out beyond the line of buoys, deposited the mud, and waded back towards the shore. Twenty yards away he stopped and once more gathered mud. It cohered sufficiently to give him time to walk beyond the line of buoys; but he was not satisfied. He came out of the water, flashing his white eyes about, the mud streaming from his matted chest, streaking his thighs. After a moment of looking earnestly into the faces of those nearest to him he patted one of the men on the shoulder and this man found it impossible to do anything but follow. When the water was barely washing over their feet Palmer made signs for the native to gather as much mud as possible. Then the Negro turned, leaning forward and linking his hands so unmistakably behind his back that the native gave him the oozy ball. Palmer carried the mud on his back beyond the line of buoys and there deposited it. He sat in the water to convey the idea that the task was to deepen the channel until a man, standing upright, would be covered to his chin. Then he urged the men into the water and rejoined Lindman on the beach. In this way the natives learned the exact nature of the work demanded of them.

'You stink!' said Lindman.

'It's the mud.' Palmer made off into the water and rubbed himself down; but even when he had freed himself of mud the sulphurous fumes clung to him.

'We'll have to fix up two more lines of buoys, one on each side. We just can't leave it to chance where these fellows drop their load.'

Dismiss any man you catch dropping it short. Don't let them talk'.

The second day the fumes told on the men and they waded to the nearest raft for support and vomited into the water; but they rapidly became inured to the sulphurous exhalations. One by one they discarded their loin-cloths and worked as naked as Palmer who only put on trousers after his evening swim when he ate a meal and smoked a clay pipe. He did not presume to come over to Lindman's raft and the white man thought it right that he should keep his distance.

The need to sing and beat on drums was more imperative than the refinements of cooking. The men worked mutely, unprotestingly, but nightly sang and the hand drums throbbed. They lay like beasts on the rafts, basking their plastered limbs in the short sunset.

Then let them appoint cooks, said Lindman, spurred into anger. On each raft there will be two men to do the cooking, receiving the same rates of pay as the others. He could not stop them singing, could not stop the drums, but at least he could make sure that they ate properly.

And, he thought, nine hours a day working in the water; nine hours, day in, day out, is enough to float the flesh off the bones.

'There's a bit of a current awashing the load back', said Palmer.

'All I'm concerned with is getting a channel for the dredger and getting these men off this work. If it's only a bit of a current as you say we can carry more than the current can send back. Give us a couple of months of this'.

'More like four months, Mister Lin'man'.

'Make sure each man gets a wash every night. If I find a man with a spot of mud on him I shall sack him. You do the same'.

The Negro, Palmer, swirled up the line of labourers like a lake god. He had achieved an expertness, clawing a mass of stiff clay weighing as much as a dozen pounds, working it into a ball on his matted chest, slapping it on to the back of a waiting bearer, all in one rippling motion of his body. So much did he give himself to this animal-like rooting that Lindman, in watching him, found a sensuous pleasure arising from a new conception of mud, a new conception of the lake, a new conception of the projected canal. The raising of mud was a process of purification. God willing, at the end of three months the wound would be clean.

'Shut up, damn you, shut up!' Lindman cried at the late rising of a moon, perhaps four o'clock in the morning. The mosquitoes had been savaging his face and arms. He put on slippers and came out of his cabin.

'What's matter, Mister Lin'man?' The sticky night, or the mosquitoes, or the bull-frogs, or the strumming on the drum, or the mutter of voices that went on all night, had kept Palmer awake too. The late rising moon was coming up an hour before the dawn and there was a sympathetic lightening of the tone of the water.

'Tell 'em to shut up! Talk, talk, talk, all night long! They'll be half dead in the morning.'

The natives never seemed to suffer from any lack of sleep; their troubles were those of physical weakness intensified by a mild dysentery which added to the foulness of the water.

Palmer's voice rang out. Immediately the human muttering stopped. The croaking of frogs diminished in the immediate neighbourhood, but their calling came in waves from remoter distances.

'Go to sleep!' Palmer said finally. They seemed to understand. There was silence until Lindman had returned to his bed, when a single pat on a hand drum struck him like a blow. Immediately he was out of the cabin. The newly risen moon shone full in his face and, for the moment, dazzled him. There was a drum beating on every raft. Not knowing whether the natives could be trusted he always kept a loaded revolver under the leather pillow of his camp bed. He fetched it and fired a shot at the nearest raft—not Palmer's, the nearest native raft.

Not only the drums but all the frogs round the margin of the lake for miles were hushed. Farther out in the lake there were ploppings, fish rising.

'Mister Lin'man, you kill one man', said Palmer's voice out of the silence. His shaven head gleamed in the moonlight.

'Perhaps they'll shut their din now', said Lindman. He went back into the cabin, stripped off his pyjamas and dressed himself in his working clothes, shirt, breeches, thigh boots. Then he stretched himself on the bed and lay there with his revolver on his chest.

He explored the shores of the lake. A small coracle would bring him far enough inshore to step out into the shallow water and, with a stick in his hand, he went crushing the aromatic ferns beneath his feet. Snipe rose in the air, creaking like wet leather. If the frogs were silent there was the no less disturbing orchestra of insects. But no matter how inviting the green glades looked he would not stray; not because he was at all apprehensive of being lost or that there was any fear of wild animals; the fauna was harmless. His absence from the site of working underlined his impotence. So far as he could see there was no reason for his presence there. Palmer was the god of the lake and Lindman was never more jealously aware of it than when he was paddling up and down the line of rafts in his coracle while the Negro was up to his thighs in water, unable to talk to the natives but establishing a bond with them.

An hour before the normal time for knocking off he told Palmer to order the whole gang out of the water. The sun was still ten degrees above the low, palm-girt horizon and water fowl were scoring long lines across the surface of the water with their dangling legs. The men sat about in the ferns enjoying the break. Palmer did not take advantage even of this respite but lazily swam out into deeper water.

'*Ta ris th?*' asked Lindman, dropping suddenly down on his haunches and using the few words of their language that he knew. The native was old for his tribe, perhaps thirty years, and the lower part of his face was covered with a rough beard. For a moment the black eyes, lids enflamed, looked up at Lindman and then, as though overcome by his presumption, he put up a hand and covered his eyes. He spoke shyly to his right-hand neighbour who, in turn, passed the message on. Head after head was turned on stalk-like, slender necks to look at Lindman.

One of the natives began singing, sitting on the fringe of the crowd, nearer to the water than any of them. The rest continued to gaze at the white man as though the high, nasal words were speaking for them. The singer was a small-headed man standing with his legs apart where a minuscule wave would wash over his toes.

Lindman put his revolver on the ground and every eye was fixed on it.

'Who?' asked Lindman, falling into English for lack of their lingo. He touched his head, his chest, his legs, then mimicked the action of firing a revolver.

They did not understand. He made such a sudden spring for the revolver that half of them were on their feet and scattering before he could wave it in the air and elaborately restore it to his holster. If he lined them up on the beach he could count them and see whether anyone was missing, but he did not know how to go about explaining his wishes. He could see by their strained faces that they were anxious to please him. A mutter of hostility would have been better than this absurd deference; it made his responsibility all the greater. The sunset stained their naked bodies.

A great cry came from the lake. Mildly the eyes of the workers looked out to where a slow golden circle was spreading over the water, a flurry at its heart.

It was Palmer. Lindman raced to the shore and waded through the water but the natives were quicker, sliding freely through the shallows. For a moment he thought that the Negro had been attacked by some carnivorous fish, but there was none in the lake. Then it was cramp. Two of the natives were going ahead so fast that it was a waste of effort on his part to follow. He clambered aboard one of the rafts and, to his relief, made out the black form at the heart of the deploying circles. Palmer was still afloat.

The night came down so quickly that by the time the natives had steered the Negro to Lindman's raft, supporting him under the hips and shoulders, lifting his head clear of the water, it was already dark and the chorus of frogs had started.

'A cramp got you or what?' Lindman was soaked, having swum the last hundred yards with all his clothes on. Palmer made no answer. Lindman took his head and when the natives lifted the body out of the water it was as rigid as in death although they could see the whites of his eyes shining in the starlight, shining and disappearing. The Negro was trying to talk, but either through hysteria or physical paralysis he drooled like a baby. Lindman lit a storm lantern and discovered a soft

cloud of moths. He gave orders for a fire to be lit, not because the night was cold but because Palmer was shivering.

'What the hell's come over you?' The body smelled sweetly of deep lake water. It was not cramp. In the first flare of the fire Lindman could see, in particular, the jaw muscles tensed like black cords and the whole body taut as though it were hanging over an abyss, supported only by the feet and the head.

'Drink this'. The brandy ran out of the side of Palmer's mouth. Lindman went round kicking natives off the raft; they had arrived in such numbers that it was lifting out of the water at one corner. The star-shining host stood silently, watching, as Lindman began rubbing the Negro's cheeks, trying to soothe the tension out. The throat noises gave way to chest murmurs as the body thawed out slightly, pneumonic utterances as though some cribbed-in nerve were agonising to escape the marble shell.

'Well, you're a case, Palmer. Can you hear me?'

He tried, inexpertly, to massage the limbs but he could get no purchase on the slippery body. The heels of his hands slipped over the stone ribs. He climbed to his feet and, aware of the hot, clammy evening, bent to tear off his shirt. When he had shaken the hair out of his eyes the natives were swimming back to their rafts and he was left alone, not callously, he felt, but tactfully, with the paralysed Negro. The night fires broke out like flowers on the rafts and the heavily resined string of conversation once more swept in introduction to the eating, the drumming, the disordered singing. Lindman's cook was boiling rice.

'Can you hear me?'

Palmer could. He moved his eyes.

'I'll get a litter made up and send you back to H.Q. in the morning if you don't shake it off. Damn me if I ever saw anything like it. What the hell's the matter with you, eh?'

The hot rice he tried to shove into Palmer's mouth was rejected by the swollen tongue. He put the bowl by, fetched a towel, and dried the Negro's body with great care but it was like wiping a statue. The cook gave a hand to turn Palmer over. He ran the towel over the flanks. When he came to the calves he found the left one soft and malleable.

'You're all right. It's coming out of you. Too long in this damned water. Well, I tell you if I see you put a toe in again I'll fire you. You'll get sent back on that litter anyway.'

He made the cook understand that they would need help to get the Negro put away on the camp bed in the cabin. He took the head and shoulders himself, removed the leather pillow and covered Palmer with two white sheets. He took the bowl of rice and chopped meat in his hands and walked up and down the raft, eating and listening to the natives talking. There was a metallic ring about the voices tonight as though a dispute of some kind were going on; the red fires winked as black figures moved in front of them.

When he awoke the fires had burned out and there were two poles of radiance in the sky, the nocturnal yellow of the declining moon and the marble coldness of the eastern sky. Palmer's eyes were still open, two small white fishes in the lamplight, but he had not stirred. Lindman felt one arm but, as before, it was thrust down uncompromisingly at his side.

Lindman blew the whistle himself. The men went to work more sluggishly now that the mud was simply a weight to be lifted and the Negro was not going among them, clawing at the bottom of the lake as though treasure were hidden there. But they went to work for the spell before breakfast.

'I'll send you off with half-a-dozen men. You'll be at H.Q. in a couple of days, perhaps back up here in a week. I don't want the responsibility of looking after you. Don't think something bit you, do you, water snake or something?'

The main thing was to get Palmer back to a doctor as quickly as possible. Under the circumstances he could think of nothing better to do than have the Negro placed on top of his clothes in the shallow coracle. He wrote a note and stuffed it under the clothing. Once the men had swum the coracle to the shore four of them lifted it easily on to their shoulders. The oldest man was to walk in front, a guard behind. Lindman issued them with the amount of food to which they were entitled for a period of work equivalent to the length of time taken for the journey. He said 'Sea' in their language, but they had anticipated him. The leader pointed enthusiastically up the ferny slope towards the risen sun.

'In two days, perhaps less, they'll get you to a doctor. He'll give you a dose of something and you'll be all right. Close your eyes!'

Here.' He took out his pocket knife and cut ferns, strewed them over Palmer's body as some sort of protection. He walked for perhaps fifty yards of the way with the party and said goodbye by putting a hand on Palmer's brow. It was cold.

And now he was free. After breakfast he stripped out of his clothes and plunged into the lake. For the first time he noticed how warm the water was and how cold the ooze as it flowed between his toes. He could feel the difference in level, perhaps a foot, on either side the buoy line. The welling up of the water almost floated him off his feet but he folded like a knife and groped for the bottom. He came up with a pitifully small fistful of clay. He felt fine. Another plunge. There was depth here. You could float a boat. It was up to his chest. He moved farther in. Here, he got his hands under a mass of clay and lifted it like toffee, hugged it to his chest and squeezed; the water cascaded on to his stomach. There were tiny shells in the clay that got into his finger nails. If he wanted to get rid of the clay itself it was not enough to rub his hands together in the water. The clay had to be scraped off. He carried two loads before he remembered the system, chose a partner, and humped the kneaded ball upon his back.

He worked until breakfast time, washed himself in deeper water, and paddled up and down the line of workers in his coracle. He was as calm as a tower.

The following day he was in the water four hours and only came out when he felt his feet numb. He lay, stomach down, on the raft slimed with the clay whose sulphurous odours he could no longer smell, and would have sent all the workers away if it had been humanly possible for him to do the work himself. He touched his left foot and it was like touching the foot of another man. Why don't they talk any more, he wondered, or play the drum? A swarm of frogs invaded his raft and he caught one of the cold creatures in his hand. He pressed it to his stomach and could feel no sensation. Before midnight he swam to one of the neighbouring rafts and sat for a while among the silent natives. The night, as all the other nights, was hot but he felt the need of the warmth of human bodies. The silence was so heavy on the raft that he slipped back into the water and returned to his cabin.

At the end of a week Killam himself arrived. As he swung down from the horse the leather boots shone in the sun. His thin head was protected by a helmet so that his face was in shadow. With him, still on their beasts, were two engineers and behind them the mule train. Warned by a native, Lindman came to them through the water, quite naked but for the belt across his chest which supported the revolver holster.

'What d'you think you're doing? D'you have to get yourself in that filthy state? Heard you'd gone a bit native. Anything to report?'

'How's Palmer?'

'I shall want a depth of at least six feet here. I want the shore to shelf down six feet immediately'. The leather boots creaked as he moved. 'Who the hell's Palmer?'

'Where d'you live?' asked one of the mounted engineers.

Lindman said: 'You'd better camp here among the ferns. Sorry I can't invite you out to my raft.'

'Any snakes?'

The mule bells tinkled and the drivers brought up their beasts so that they could look at this man of mud. Work in the lake had stopped. The natives were looking to the group on the shore. Two backbones of mud were running between the buoy lanes.

Suddenly Lindman saw Palmer. The Negro was sitting on one of the mules, wearing a grin. There was, in the manner of his removing a straw hat and calmly fanning himself, an immeasurable disdain.

Lindman flushed and came running across the fern, running and pulling at his revolver as he came, shouting, 'You black ——!' Lindman was not a good shot with a revolver and he wanted to get near enough so that there would be no mistake.

The Negro swung a leg over the mule, jumped down, and came to meet Lindman, still grinning.

Then Lindman saw that the man was not Palmer. It was a Negro he had never seen before. For a while Lindman stood hesitating, his revolver pointed at the Negro's chest. When the Negro understood the situation and showed fear Lindman was satisfied and put the revolver back in its holster.

'Where's Palmer?' he demanded again.

'Palmer?' The Negro's face was suddenly washed with sweat. 'Palmer's dead, sir!'

'Yeh, Palmer's dead all right', one of the engineers shouted from his horse. 'What's biting you, Lindman?'

'Yeh, he's dead all right', said the other engineer.

Killam came striding across the ferns, his face set with anger. 'Were you threatening that man, Lindman?'

'I thought he was somebody else. My foreman's dead, did you know that? Palmer's dead.'

'What the hell's that to do with me. You gone crazy?' He put out a hand and took the revolver. Everyone stared at Lindman without speaking.

For the first time he felt ashamed of his nakedness. He put up a hand to cover his face. Then he laughed abruptly. '—— you and the canal!' he said and walked back towards the lake and the workmen. How could he tell them about Palmer? He did not know the words. He waded through the water, sobbing with grief.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Communists in Italy

Sir,—I am a warm admirer of Mr. Christopher Serpell. He writes engagingly, observes acutely, and balances his arguments with great fairness. These qualities in themselves make his recent talk on communism in Italy a matter of grave alarm and despondency for those of us who live here.

But may I suggest that, good though his observations may be, his inferences may be more gloomy than the situation really is? Mr. Serpell lives almost all the time in Rome, a highly cosmopolitan city, which is distinguished more—I would say—for ambassadorial cocktail-parties and gossip than for any real reflection of the character of Italy. Having lived for nearly six years as a farmer in Tuscany—generally regarded as a hot-spot of communism—and moved about in a modest way among the small hill-towns of this region, I find it extremely hard to believe in the gloomy views which Mr. Serpell takes. I have the habit of talking to my own *contadini* and to those I see in the markets and villages, and although I know that many of them

have signed on the dotted line for communism, and vote for it, this is only a fundamental part of the Italian character which is always 'agin the government' and also wants to get something for nothing. If you go into the workshops and factories of Italy, you will find scarcely a man who admits himself a communist, and I am quite positive that the average Italian, if communism came anywhere near him, would reject it with fury—for he is the most individualistic creature on earth.

Mr. Serpell's own figures tell the story plainly—upwards of 4,000,000 unemployed or partially employed in Italy. It is easy to see that these will vote for communism—or any sort of change. The point I wish to make is that, if the trade unions of the west continue to be so blind and selfish as to stop Italian immigration—without which, and at the rate of at least 400,000 a year, Italy must perish—they will have themselves to thank for the results. Italians are hard-working, charming and skilful—we could do with a few to replace the greedy, insolent and rapacious charwomen who now rule England's private

lives. I do not think that the Italians are at all committed to communism—it is only the Iron Curtain of the immigration laws of the west which may drive them to it. I am hopeful that they will not, and it is for that reason that I would like to add this footnote to Mr. Serpell's admirable talk.—Yours, etc.,

Florence

LIONEL FIELDEN

Trends in American Civil Liberties

Sir,—Mr. Maurice Browne's great personal knowledge of the American scene may make it seem almost invidious by comparison for me to comment on his letter on the treatment of members of the University of California and the trends in American Civil Liberties; just the same I feel compelled to add that my very inadequate examination (often at second-hand) of another part of California confirms Mr. Browne's belief that in America the struggle is not between communism and democracy but between democracy and fascism.

I refer to the persecution of those Hollywood film-makers up before the Un-American Activities

Committee, and the joint campaigns of fear and smear. Soon after Mr. Eric Johnston, as head of the Hollywood employers' association, had assured the first ten technicians and writers summoned before the Committee that the studios would not black-list them, they were in fact, deprived of their jobs. The hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee were not classed as being a court of law when the victims attempted through their attorneys to cross-examine witnesses ranged against them, and yet the Hollywood Ten, as they became known, could be and were imprisoned for contempt of court! A painfully close parallel to the courts of Hitler Germany.

Nowadays it is only necessary for an entertainment worker to be smeared as a 'Commie', as a former supporter of Republican Spain, or ironically enough one interested in the preservation of civil liberties, for him to be dropped like a hot brick by his employer. One paper, *Counter-attack*, is devoted entirely to the work of denouncing people.

Because of our close ties with America—whether politically or through the medium of the Hollywood film—the issue is one which must concern everyone in Britain.—Yours, etc.,

Gerrards Cross CHRISTOPHER BRUNEL

Life in Franco's Spain

Sir,—I saw nothing when I was in Spain at Christmas to conflict with your correspondent's statements except in so far as he claims that 'there are several examples of enormous rectangular buildings in the modern functional style'. There certainly are many large, new 'rectangular' buildings, but they have no more resemblance to the principles and practice of functionalism than 'bankersgeorgian' buildings to Renaissance work or 'tudorbethan' to medieval.

These pompous and pretentious buildings are so poverty-stricken in imaginative conception that I suggest that, if they must have a label, they be dubbed 'academy utilitarian'.

Yours, etc.,
Esher G. M. HOBBS
(architect)

Flats by Le Corbusier

Sir,—It was with considerable alarm that I read in the June 28 issue of THE LISTENER a report by Thomas Cadett on the block of flats at Marseilles designed by Le Corbusier.

When discussing a matter so highly controversial, it is only fair to state the sources of one's information; failure to do this has lent a false authority to Mr. Cadett's report. I have recently had an opportunity to discuss this broadcast and the building itself with M. Le Corbusier and his staff, and the results contradict Mr. Cadett's report so radically that it seems only fair to put forward the other side of the case.

Le Corbusier has maintained for many years that a block of flats should be more than a mere agglomeration of similar sized dwellings, and that any group of families should consist of many different sized households with certain basic facilities provided nearby (perhaps in the same building)—a few shops for day-to-day needs, a cafe, club-rooms, a laundry, a day nursery and so on.

In 1945 he was invited by the then Minister of Reconstruction, who shared these views, to build a prototype block, and a site was offered in Marseilles. Le Corbusier is constantly under attack for his views, and this time the pretext was that, as the Mayor of Marseilles was a communist, the experiment was 'bolshevist'. Incidentally Le Corbusier is not a communist, nor was the above-mentioned Minister, and Le Corbusier's experiment is decried by none so

vehemently as by the communists. The present Mayor, who is of the right, is 'against', but the present Minister is 'for'.

The architects assure me that:

1. The housing list for these flats is not yet opened, and applications have not yet been invited.

2. The rents are not yet fixed. (They will be fixed when the building is finished by a committee including the Minister, the Mayor and the Architect.)

3. No official suggestion has ever been made that the building should be converted into a fire-station, though the architects have heard the Mayor say he would like it as one (despite its patent unsuitability as such), as he maintains that no one will want to live in it.

4. The site architect has in his office over 500 letters asking for flats—most of them coming from Marseilles.

It is worth recording that the attacks come mainly from the politicians and local architects who are at present engaged in rebuilding the old port with vast blocks of flats built round internal courtyards, with more people per block than Le Corbusier's 'Unité', and with hopelessly inadequate amenities.

Mr. Cadett contends that Le Corbusier's alternative will not appeal to the Marseillaise. It must be admitted that many of Le Corbusier's admirers feel that he has been given the most difficult context in which to try his experiment. It is with heightened fascination therefore that we await the real test of the building—when it becomes a group of homes for 400 families.

Yours, etc,
Architectural Association, W. G. HOWELL
London, W.C.1

Standards in Contemporary Furniture

Sir,—About the room for an elderly lady pictured in THE LISTENER. Does anyone notice the button-studded white satin foot-end of the bed? Yes, it really was white satin. I looked at it with amazement in the furniture pavilion at the Festival. Might not the elderly lady have grandchildren to visit her? White satin in a combined living and bedroom! And the buttons; terrible harbourers of dust. I thought they had disappeared for ever from furniture in this servantless era. The trials of my Victorian youth come back to me, the hours forcibly spent in brushing out the dust from button-studded chairs and sofa. What are our modern furniture designers thinking to revive such horrors?—Yours, etc.,

Slough EDITH WILSON

Elizabethan Life in Public Records

Sir,—In reply to Mrs. Levy's interesting letter to THE LISTENER, depositions in Chancery leave no doubt that a private house in Duke's Place was a meeting-place for Jewish religious ceremonies in Shakespeare's day. The evidence of parish registers, again, shows that Jews from various parishes in London were buried, not in their own parishes, but at Mile End, an exceptional procedure which indicates a special burial ground. I regret that my materials are not at hand at present for a more documented reply. But I hope to publish full information at a later date.—Yours, etc.,

Yminster C. J. SISSON

Sixty Paintings for 1951

Sir,—In his revealing talk on the Arts Council exhibition of sixty paintings at the R.B.A. Galleries, Mr. Benedict Nicolson put forward his view that, as a potential monopolist body, replacing the now penniless private patron, the Arts Council could have been a little less careful of the artists' freedom than in fact they have been.

Mr. Nicolson felt that the Arts Council should

have had 'a say' in the artists' 'subject matter'; that in fact, since many of the exhibitors are not so much concerned with what they paint as how they paint, a subject should have been given at the outset.

I think that some artists, I would describe them as 'lyricists', might be quite at ease in having their 'subject matter' provided for them by a state body like the Arts Council. These artists, never really aware of the freedom they possess, being obsessed with the 'how' of painting and indifferent to what they paint, are the 'Achilles heel' of the artists' freedom. It is here that the State propagandist can gain control, it is here that the artist loses the freedom, won for him by artists like Goya, Daumier and Forain, to paint the truth that he sees. In any authoritarian regime the 'lyricist', whether abstract or impressionist, is 'safe'. The 'tragic' artist or the 'satirist' is not.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

MERLYN EVANS
(One of the Sixty)

Gray and the Limerick

Sir,—With reference to the interesting 'limerick' of 1735, from the pen of the poet Gray, quoted by your correspondent Sir Henry Bashford in THE LISTENER of July 19, and to his inquiry whether any limericks appeared earlier, he may be interested in the following Latin specimen, which actually dates from the thirteenth century:

*Sit vitiorum meorum evacuatio,
Concupiscentiae et libidinis exterminatio,
Caritatis et patientiae,
Humilitatis et obedientiae,
Omniumque virtutum augmentatio.*

This surprising old limerick qualifies for the title better than your correspondent's example, in point of rhyme sequence. It is the prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), and is included in the Roman breviary of Catholic priests throughout the world, as one of the thanksgiving prayers after Mass.

Incidentally, it may be of some interest to mention that I have included it in a small collection of light Latin and Greek verse shortly to be published by Dennis Dobson.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford JACK WERNER

Sir,—The song 'How severe is forgetful old Age' is older than Mr. Ketton-Cremer suggests. It was printed at least three times in 1671 and once in 1673. In the two collections of 1671 I have available, *Westminster Drolery* and *Windsor Drolery* (which is part of an *Academy of Complements* possibly earlier than 1671), the song is printed in stanzas of four lines. In *Wit and Drolery*, 1682, it is printed as Gray and Mr. Ketton-Cremer give it, in stanzas of five lines, and this improves its resemblance to a limerick.

Gray probably knew the lines in an eighteenth-century anthology such as *The Hive*, 1724, or *The Choice*, 1729.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford C. H. WILKINSON

Sir,—This correspondence has revealed a surprising ignorance of the scansion of French verse. Since in French verse a mute 'e' before a consonant is sounded, the third and fourth lines in the French examples quoted by two correspondents have in fact the same length (eight syllables) as the lines that precede and follow them. A line which is pronounced *Unē flammē toutē divine* hardly qualifies as one of the short lines in a limerick.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester DAVID BAXANDALL

Doubt and Certainty in Science, the B.B.C. Reith Lectures for 1950 which were given by Professor J. Z. Young, are now available in book form. The publishers are the Oxford University Press and the price is 7s. 6d.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Auden: An Introductory Essay

By Richard Hoggart.

Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

MR. HOGGART is Lecturer in English at the University College of Hull. He describes his book as being 'addressed to people with no special literary training', but although not particularly donnish it is thorough rather than exciting and without much ideological background other than a keen interest in contemporary literature and a rather vague interest in contemporary life. In some very well-planned chapters Mr. Hoggart surveys Auden's style and background, traces his development from the earlier lyrics through the plays to the later long poems, and ends with some quite useful notes and tables. Mr. Hoggart's chief virtue is his masterly acquaintance with Auden's work: he is never lost for an apt quotation and his arguments are illuminated with chapter and verse at every turn. Thus his pages are made interesting even when least inspired: this is always a remarkably readable book and may well bring Auden some new admirers.

The essence of Mr. Hoggart's view of Auden is that the later work has grown naturally out of the earlier, that it deals (successfully in the main) with themes Auden has always been concerned with, that it is on the whole a healthy and desirable development. This is a view which, in England at any rate, badly needed expressing, for English critics have been less than just to the long poems which Auden has written in America. Whatever may be said against these poems, their good points (as Mr. Hoggart well remarks) show no falling away of Auden's 'unusual technical skill or an exhaustion of his imaginative powers'. All the same, Mr. Hoggart accepts Auden's progress far too uncritically—an acceptance which perhaps results from a misconception of the 'social' nature of the thirties poetry and Auden's role in that period. 'Such political preaching as Auden did', he says at one point, 'came to him . . . more easily than it came to Day Lewis or Spender'. This surely suffers from being written in a year too suspicious of 'social' poetry. It is, in fact, putting the cart before the horse. The main strength of Auden's early verse is precisely its 'political preaching', representing as it does not only an escape from Georgian pretty-pretties but also from the intellectualism grown arid of the best twenties poets, like Graves and Riding. And the significance of Day Lewis and Spender at that time is just the amount of interest in the contemporary world which they derived from Auden.

So Mr. Hoggart is led into a somewhat superficial view of Auden's abdication from England. 'He left partly out of disgust with the mess England had made of her affairs in the thirties, but more importantly for reasons connected with his art'. And in accepting Auden's arguments for 'the attractiveness of America to a writer', Mr. Hoggart adds some of his own which (comparing life in Europe and life in America over the last dozen years) are not far from sounding canting. There are strong reasons for thinking that most of the weaknesses in Auden's American poems arise from the fact that they were written in exile, that they look at events from across the Atlantic Ocean, that they lack a settled audience, that their author escaped his fate. Mr. Hoggart makes out that America enabled Auden to versify the themes from religious philosophers, to search in his poetry for religious faith: it is perhaps truer to say that these subjects were the attempt to justify the abandonment of Europe, of 'engaged' poetry.

This is possibly only another way of calling attention to Mr. Hoggart's lack of a satisfactory set of values. He naturally brings out the pre-1939 and post-1939 climates of Auden's verse—the climate of Freud and Marx and that of Kierkegaard and Niebuhr—but he does not sufficiently examine the climates themselves or Auden's ability to thrive in them. Auden has never conformed to any system of belief, but to the ideas about man as a unit of society current in the thirties he was highly sympathetic and they nourished his verses: the ideas about man as an individual soul have resulted in a poetry marked by disillusionment and inconclusiveness.

Epistles to Several Persons (Moral Essays). By Alexander Pope. Edited by F. W. Bateson. Methuen. 25s.

Pope and his Critics

By W. L. Macdonald. Dent. 18s.

If the quality of poetry were to be judged by the quantity of commentary it inspires, then Pope's position would be secure. It is rarely a question of obscurity, demanding critical imagination, as in the case of Shakespeare; rather it is a dense historical allusiveness requiring an intimate knowledge of the period. Pope's four *Epistles* could be accommodated comfortably on 40 pages of print: in this volume of the Twickenham Edition of the Works they are spaced exiguously among some 200 pages of commentary, much of it in small type. How does one read such a book? A sip of verse and then a platter of elucidation? The poems are impenetrable without the commentary—the commentary completely destructive of any poetic continuity. Presumably by a process of learning we may arrive at a complete understanding of Pope's social relationships which would enable us to read the verse with unimpeded enjoyment. But it is hard work for a speculative gain, and we may suspect that the main use of such editions is scholastic: they provide answers to a multitude of examination questions. Not that there is not a good deal of intrinsic interest in such a commentary as Mr. Bateson provides: his notes are wittily informative, and leave very few puzzles unsolved. Sometimes detection is not to be confined to a footnote—'Who was Atossa?', for example, must be given a ten-page appendix. The Introduction deals with the many problems connected with the composition, publication and purpose of the *Epistles*, and relates them to the general design of that abandoned 'Opus Magnum', *The Essay on Man*, a 'system of ethics in the Horatian way' in which they were intended to have a place.

Professor Macdonald deals with some of Mr. Bateson's predecessors, but only those that sprang up in Pope's own life-time—Warburton, Ruffhead, Johnson and Warton. Criticism then was of a different kind, inspired by the bitter animosities of the period, in which, of course, the poet himself freely indulged. That literary values did exist is shown by Professor Macdonald in a preliminary chapter, but they were not subjective judgments in our accustomed sense; rather, they were the rules of a game of skill in which points could be scored on either side. A precise result was not inevitable, however, for the rules were distorted by passion and overruled by scandal. 'Bitterness of reciprocal recrimination is the rule, and good temper the exception. And when one looks back upon that section of literature which consists of works written or—more often—inspired by

Pope, one can hardly fail to be impressed with the fact that the "wits" of the age, the Augustans *par excellence*, were an irascible, cantankerous company'. One must have a taste for the period to indulge in the history of such backbitings: the permanent literary values are for most of the time obscured. In the end one resorts, like Professor Macdonald, to a muster of Pope's enemies and friends; for then it is seen that whatever one may now think of Pope's poetry, in his time one would have been of his party.

Justinian and His Age. By P. N. Ure. Pelican. 2s.

We still usually forget that throughout much of the Middle Ages—until 1204 at the very earliest—the centre of European civilisation lay not in western but in eastern Europe. For most of us the medieval history of eastern Europe, like most of its modern history, is a closed and forgotten book. For the classical scholar nothing whatever happened throughout the world after the death of Marcus Aurelius in A.D. 180. The medieval historian rarely admits even the bare existence of Kiev and Byzantium. In 1930 Norman H. Baynes, our greatest living Byzantinist, wrote: 'In England, as I am fully aware, the student of Byzantine history is regarded, and will probably long be regarded, as an unaccountable freak—something in the nature of a grotesque museum specimen'. Thanks largely to Dr. Baynes' own work our ignorance nowadays is possibly a shade less abysmal than it was in 1930; but there is certainly need even now for a series of cheap, accurate, and well written books on the history of the Byzantine Empire. It is a pleasure therefore to welcome the late Professor Ure's Pelican on Justinian, which is illustrated with eighteen excellent plates and five maps.

Professor Ure's method is to let our extraordinarily rich authorities for that period speak for themselves as often as possible: much of the book consists of a paraphrase or a literal translation of Procopius or Agathias or John the Lydian or the like, so that we see the history of the reign through the eyes of the Byzantines themselves. With Procopius and Belisarius we travel at the beginning of the book to Africa, and witness the brilliant initial victories there over the Vandals, though the long and infinitely destructive revolt of Stotzas is for the most part excluded from the story. We go to Italy, and again see the extraordinary victories of the early part of the campaign, but are spared the ruinous Gothic recovery and the long, tedious siege warfare which laid Italy in ruins. (At one time, according to Procopius, Rome was uninhabited.) After dealing with the Persians, we turn to the internal organisation and life of the Empire, not forgetting Theodora and her foibles as described by Procopius, and the Law Code, the Church and the heresies—how fascinating is Aphthartodocetism!—and the brilliant literary and artistic life which is the true glory of Justinian's reign.

One or two criticisms might be made of this little book without detracting very much from its merits. By relying so completely on the Byzantines and their explanation of events, Professor Ure robs us of some important results of modern scholarship and makes the Byzantines rather more inconsequential than they in fact were. Thus, the war with Persia which broke out at the beginning of this period was the first in a long series of conflicts which only ended in the following century when Heraclius utterly destroyed the Persian Empire. What caused this

war? 'It was the steps which he [the Persian Cabades] took to secure that his successor should be his youngest and favourite son Chosroes that led to the life-long enmity between the two princes'. That may or may not have satisfied Procopius, but a modern reader might feel that there was room here for an interesting few pages on the silk trade and the intricacies of Red Sea politics.

Again, what of the life of the common people in Byzantium? A vast quantity of information is available in the lives of the sixth century saints (a source untapped by Professor Ure), the papyri, and the law code. Much is known, for example, about the appallingly low earnings and the appallingly high prices of that 'brilliant' reign. Like others of his kind, Justinian purchased his brilliance at a cost which others had to pay. The endless and acute misery of the people, who hit back at the government in the Nika riots, the Circus factions, and the rebellion of Stotzas, deserved more discussion than it gets here. But Professor Ure rightly emphasises the restrictions on intellectual enquiry under Justinian: was not Procopius himself forced to write *two* histories of the reign, the published History and the 'Unpublished History' (*Anecdota*)? Ure quotes from one of the laws: 'Let not the words or writings of Severus [a heretic] be kept in the home of any Christian, but let them be counted profane and alien from the catholic church, and let them be burnt by their possessors unless those who have them wish to imperil themselves. And let them not be copied hereafter by any copyist, whether one who makes fine or one who makes rough copies, nor by anyone else whatsoever; for the penalty for anyone who makes a copy of his works is the cutting off of his hand.' The arrival of Christianity was not an unmixed blessing for Roman civilisation.

Land Potential. By T. W. Evans.

Faber. 12s. 6d.

Food, Farming and the Future

By Friend Sykes. Faber. 21s.

A Farmer in Whitehall (1939-1950)

By Anthony Hurd.

Country Life. 15s.

Agriculture, whether you regard it as a business, a vocation or a way of life, can boast almost as many right ways of doing things as wrong ones. That is one of its charms; and for this reason, anybody with an idea, so long as it is practical, and with the ability to present it, can be sure of a tolerant hearing in farming circles, because in the event it is no more likely to be wrong than right. Without therefore passing judgment on Dr. T. W. Evans or on Mr. Friend Sykes for the soundness or otherwise of their views—something that only time can do, and then upon its own terms—the reader will be grateful to both of them for putting forward a number of ideas that are both provocative and based on everyday realities of agricultural experience and observation.

Dr. Evans, of the National Agricultural Advisory Service, is Chief Grassland Husbandry Officer to the West Midland Advisory Province. His book is all the more remarkable on that account, not because he has taken time off to think—he is a spare-time fisherman, and as such a philosopher—but because his thinking, here boldly set down, leads him along paths that deviate from the known and common way of modern agricultural policy. There are, so Dr. Evans implies, several criteria by which to assess present-day proficiency in farming. There is the commercial test: is the farmer, or is he not,

paying excess profits tax? Because if he is not, he cannot as things are be really good at the job. Then there is the quantitative test: is he, or is he not producing to the limit of his land, his stock and his labour? Because if he is not, he



'Our farmer King'
From 'A Farmer in Whitehall (1939-1950)'

is not the kind of farmer the nation can afford now that the official programme for agriculture is to maximise food production from our own acres. Then again there is the efficiency test, favoured by classical economists, to whom no farmer in this industrial island is proficient unless he produces food cheaply, and no food is cheap unless it is nowhere to be had more cheaply.

All such tests, Dr. Evans quietly asserts, are beside the point, whatever the national policy may be, and whatever successive *ad hoc* crises may require of farmers. To Dr. Evans, the sole test of proficient farming is the criterion of sound husbandry; and husbandry is not sound unless the farm as a unit is made to yield each year slightly less than it is inherently capable of yielding. In other words, the land comes first; and that level of output is best which can be sustained over the years, rather than that which can be achieved temporarily in obedience to production targets and economic planning. In the long run, says Dr. Evans, the intrinsic potential of soil and stock, combined with the common factor of climate, determine the volume of output that can be sustained. Management can do no more than realise these potentials. To exceed them leads to spoliation. For those who like to see such qualitative principles expressed quantitatively Dr. Evans provides a formula by which he claims it is possible to assess whether land is being farmed above its potential or below it. One farmer, at least, has found this formula more instructive than his profit and loss account. There will be others who may find it less so. But Dr. Evans' judicious and unassuming book, with its vigorous foreword by Sir George Stapledon, amply deserves its dedication to those who care for the land.

Mr. Friend Sykes, by contrast, is more dogmatic, more assured that he is right. He has been farming at Chantry in Wiltshire for many years now, using no artificial fertilisers and growing good

crops. Like Dr. Evans, indeed like the great anonymous majority of farmers, he believes that land is held in trust for posterity; but as to the discharge of that trust, there are, in his view, no two ways about it. Many of his beliefs were stated in his earlier book, *Humus and the Farmer*; they are now confirmed by continuing practice, and brought up to date. The eating of wholemeal bread, for instance, is the real alternative to the National Health Service; the composting of land, one sure way of rectifying such fashionable deficiencies as the shortage of solids-not-fat in milk. Many will not agree with Mr. Sykes at all, feeling perhaps that farming, like other human pre-occupations down the centuries, must have in it something of the taint and relish of original sin. Many will go with him some of the way, and forgive him his occasional inaccuracies, such as his understatement of the cost of handling muck, or his overstatement of the outlay for combine-harvesting. But none, whether convert or not, will deny that Mr. Sykes has zeal. All the force, as well as the faults, of his book, spring from that.

For those who want a factual account of the farming effort in the past eleven years, there is Mr. Anthony Hurd's invaluable short book, *A Farmer in Whitehall*. Mr. Hurd is not only a practical farmer himself; he has been at the centre of things, in Whitehall and in Westminster; he knows what British farming was before the war, and what it has achieved from a standing start in the space of a decade. He writes without sentiment and without bias, with a pleasing urbanity and detachment. His book should be read by all who claim to be well-informed about the record of one of our greatest industries; and more particularly by those who, through prejudice or some other distemper, believe that its shortcomings obscure its promise and achievement.

Cranmer and the English Reformation

By F. E. Hutchinson.

English Universities Press. 5s.

At All Souls Mr. Rowse is ideally placed as an editor. From each of the Fellows in turn he coaxes a contribution to his 'Teach Yourself History' series, whose horrible name belies its excellence. One distinguished historian after another—Professor Jacob, Sir Charles Grant-Robertson, the late Mr. Sumner, Mr. Simmonds—has distilled a lifetime of learning into a clear and scholarly little book, beautifully printed by the English Universities Press. Last month Canon Hutchinson joined their ranks with his *Cranmer and the English Reformation*, and his work, like theirs, reflects further credit on Mr. Rowse's editorship.

Books on the Reformation abound, and with the sober work of Canon Dixon, the Abbé Constant and, in our time, Father Hughes, controversies about the subject have been largely appeased. One could hardly require Canon Hutchinson, in 180 pages, to shed much new light on a problem already so thoroughly explored, and he does not attempt it. He merely presents, simply and reliably, the agreed conclusions, in a book easy to read and, it must be admitted, a little dull. Occasionally a judgment makes one blink: 'The Renaissance effected the transition from medieval to modern thought' is not the sort of sentence one expects from so eminent a scholar; but on the whole all the right points are made, as they have been made so often, if less briefly, before.

Only on two points is one tempted to join issue with the author. The first is that Cranmer himself should appear as so shadowy and marginal a figure and the narrative be so largely

devoted to the political and liturgical developments of the time. The claim in the blurb, that 'this book provides an introduction to the English Reformation through the person of Archbishop Cranmer, a central and representative figure' is simply not true. The more's the pity. Cranmer was representative of that group of statesmen and prelates whose willowy suppleness in adjusting themselves to violent religious change and whose subtlety in justifying it preserved the continuity of the English Church and saved the State from civil war at a time when the great States of Europe were, one after another, suffering violent shipwreck. A serious study of Cranmer as the man who began his episcopal career by breaking his oath to the Pope, who followed his royal master through Protestant experiment to Catholic reaction, who collaborated with Somerset in a régime of toleration and with Northumberland in one of violence, who renounced his heretical errors under pressure from a restored Catholic Church, and who, but for the implacability of Mary, might easily have lived to steer the Church of Elizabeth along the path of compromise which he knew so well how to tread; and who, by doing all this, forfeited neither the respect of his contemporaries nor the admiration of posterity: such a study would certainly illuminate the manner in which the Reformation occurred and the nature of the Church that grew out of it. Willows like Cranmer and Paulet, not oaks such as Fisher and More, were the vital figures during those distracted times.

The second complaint is more far-reaching. Canon Hutchinson, like all his clerical predecessors of both faiths, regarded the liturgical evolution of the English Church as the central and most vital thread in the Reformation. But the ecclesiastical reformation was only one aspect of a huge social, economic and political revolution which transformed the structure of State and Society as well as of Church; and to consider it in detailed isolation, with no more than an occasional reference to enclosure riots or Northumberland's designs on Durham, is surely now a sterile approach. Scholars of the sixteenth century—and Mr. Rowse foremost among them—are finding more rewarding things to do than working over the old ground of Dixon and Gairdner. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Rowse did not write this book himself.

A Short History of the English Novel

By S. D. Neill. Jarrold. 12s. 6d.

The continued appearance of English literary histories suggests that the public demand for perspective is vigorous, and perhaps increasing. The bibliography of the novel alone ranges widely from the vast embrace of Baker to the present concise and selective volume, where perspective is clearly traced, at the cost of some inevitable sacrifices. We may regret but must expect absences, whether of Breton, Amory and his Buncle, or the saturnine Charles Johnstone, and still agree that this book will be of great worth to all novel-readers.

Its author is concerned with, and has deeply studied, those writers who in her own words are 'significant', who 'form the apex . . . of a triangle'. And who form the apex? It can be safely believed that Fielding or Scott or Thackeray had high sociologic and aesthetic significance; but in the nearer past choice becomes more difficult, and misgivings as to the truth of some of the best-intentioned historians' account of the later nineteenth and twentieth centuries begin to gather. We find, as we do here, a strong emphasis on the highbrows. Can it be that a landscape in which Butler or D. H. Lawrence or Virginia Woolf are so salient, has been well and truly composed, and that a Marie Corelli or an Edgar Wallace have been allowed

their value as gauges of our nation's cultural level? Is Mr. Mercaptan important, but Mr. Jeeves negligible?

The chapter on 'satire and experiment between the two wars' gives an admirable but murky picture of certain aspects of those decades during which, nevertheless, there was laughter in letters—an element too lightly passed over by such critics as may temporarily have forgotten Longinus. The presence of Freudian psychology in fiction of James Joyce's time, rightly noticed by Miss Neill, may prove more transient than the sublimity of fun. In applying evolutionary phases such as the Darwinian influence or the decline of the middle classes, her vigilance and penetration are fully employed; she works out her pattern with a neat craftsmanship and alert, unmannered prose which carries, now a fragment of the picturesque, or now a tendentious comment. Critics, despite Matthew Arnold, seem disposed to resume, if they ever abjured, partisanship.

Miss Neill, while no political propagandist, may leave the impression that she inclines rather to the left than to the right, to judge, for example, from some remarks on Dickens. In considering the disputed ethics of Victorian family life she appears to sympathise with Butler's view in *The Way of All Flesh*, but elsewhere admits, as not all fairly recent writers have done, the presence of some virtues and advantages in that period, at the end of which Rudyard Kipling is examined with a scrupulous conscience. The newer homage to Victorian greatness is, however, not conspicuous. Further back in the century she acquires merit through a defence of Scott, who owned that gift which Miss Edgeworth called 'medicining the mind', more abundantly than his successors in the genre. For this and other mercies he should soon be enjoying that revival, the possibility of which, at least, Miss Neill contemplates.

Winter in London

By Ivor Brown. Collins. 12s. 6d.

This surely must be the most intimate book on London ever written by an Aberdonian. The author must be given his naturalisation papers immediately, and a presentation made to him at County Hall. He should be given a duplicate key of the London streets, lest he should lose the one which he has beaten out for himself from the metal of his own long experience.

It is not an easy book to review, because it is leisurely and full of detail. The author is well known for his quiet curiosity towards words and oddities of history, place and person. We see him in this book, standing and staring, then moving on but a short way, to stand and stare again, almost absent-minded in his concentrated attention. And what he is looking at is London: not only the London savaged by winter, as his book-title implies, but the London in which he has dwelt for most of his professional lifetime as dramatic critic, editor, and vagrant. It is the vagrant who is most apparent in these pages; but a vagrant in slow motion, who cannot proceed more than a few paces before being arrested by something that sets him musing, recalling, linking up fact with fiction, history with fancy, substance with dream, and offering his conclusions through the medium of a calm and stately prose style which is most enjoyable when read aloud, as the reviewer has discovered.

Those conclusions, as well as the asides that wind round toward them, are characteristic of a man born and bred in the liberal tradition. Here is a British journalist of the same generation as Lynd, James Bone, and such others who carry scholarship and a determined love of freedom of mind to Fleet Street, nourishing them there in a congenial setting, the setting of London,

that mother of fog and freedom. Mr. Brown's book is full of quiet proclamations that take their colour from the character of the great city which has fostered him. Here is an example:

As one wanders about Southwark nowadays it is natural to speculate on the effect that our new Welfare State will have upon the artist. Art thrives on contrasts and contrasts are created by inequality. Art needs the unusual; romance has been defined as strangeness with beauty. The old Borough abounded in the queer, the diverse, the picturesque, the savagely cruel, the gently charitable. So did all London, but the Borough, because of its history and because of its plentiful assortment of trades and traditions, of lodgers and keepers and of lodgers, was a particularly rich mine of raw material for the artist with pencil or pen.

Such an environment is one which this writer seeks out, drawn by an affinity that he shares with Ned Ward and Charles Lamb. Here is a man who enjoys every manifestation of human nature except the puritanical assertion of dogma. He will have none of that, and when it bobs up he pours a quiet but acid humour over it as one puts salt on a slug. He can show this repugnance with hardly a flicker of an eyelid. See how he does it here, by the humorous use of a cliché. He is talking about the Derby crowds on Epsom Downs, and the latest stream-lined characteristics of that mob. "Oh, who will o'er the Downs so free?" inquired the old ballad with its invitation to a ramble. The answer, in this case, is half a million'.

He gets far from the centre too, ranging between Richmond and Epping, so that some of his scenes and moments have a distinctly non-urban atmosphere. That in Highgate Cemetery, indeed, among the war-tumbled catacombs and ancient yews, with a winter day fading out, is a scene neither of London nor of any other place on the face of the earth. It comes from the landscape of Edgar Allan Poe. There are strange moods and moments in Mr. Brown's relationship of a lifetime with his beloved mistress, London, and we close the book with the certainty that her everchanging character is more potent, and at times more terrifying, than that of any of the three witches of Endor.

Memories and Portraits

By Ivan Bunin. Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

The reminiscences of the doyen of Russian letters, now made available in English translation by Vera Traill and Robin Chancellor, extend over the last sixty years and include much that was worth transmitting about his own career and the literary figures he has known. Some of these were giants. Bunin's impressions of Tolstoy and his humbugging hangers-on are vivid and entertaining, while the personality of Chekhov is sympathetically evoked in a score of episodes and sayings. All the characters brought into these pages come alive, even those obscurer men of whom one had little or no previous knowledge. Whether Bunin is describing the glories of Chaliapin or the pathetic aspirations of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, this evocative quality is the same.

When the bitterness of exile leads Bunin to pillory the stalwarts of Soviet culture, the result is likewise vivid, if not lurid. The foibles of Gorky with his 'small greenish eyes, a quick and shifty look, wide nostrils in a saddle-shaped nose, freckles and a long moustache like a walrus's', Alexey Tolstoy, 'glutton, hooligan and cynic', and Mayakovsky of the painted snout, are displayed in unlovely caricature. Even Alexander Blok is not spared, and his famous poem 'The Twelve' receives rather less than justice.

But rancour is not the dominant tone, and one is left with a feeling of gratitude to the writer who has left readers and scholars with this varied record of men and books.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Lights of London

NONE OF TELEVISION'S COMMENTATORS has lately been posed a more difficult task than that of making the Women's Test Match at the Oval sound as if it was an event and not a novelty of the kind which prompted the Johnsonian dictum about women preachers. Speaking for oneself and out of an inherent if not wholly unexamined reverence for the game, at no point did either commentators or cameras succeed in pressing home the conviction that this was an affair of nations, that fate came into it, that reputations were involved, or even that it was a Festival Year embellishment. Not having previously seen women playing cricket in a spectacular way, one was embarrassed by finding them, who are so much the less great babies than men, endorsing its sillier men-made solemnities. Persisting in this error, they inevitably incite the suggestion that the only possible commentator for such an occasion is Arthur Marshall in his imitable games mistress vein. The Oval commentators did their uninspired best; incidentally, one of the voices, Marjorie Pollard's, was pitched much too low to be easily heard.

Finding good voices matched by adequate mental resource is clearly one of the television problems. The choice of John Arlott for 'London Skyline', in which the mobile cameras took us on a rooftop tour that had decidedly good viewing moments, was not the most felicitous. His mental resource and vocabulary are superior to those of many if not most commentators, but his voice has begrudging undertones

which by the unfairness of amplification are made to pervade his personality. Dimbleby, covering 'The Lights of London' the evening before, was less penetrating but more pleasing. Both programmes showed television attempting new feats of camera enterprise. 'The Lights of London', recalling to some of the longer memories in our midst a forgotten play by George R. Sims, who may have taken the title for it from Tennyson, was very nearly a fairytale spectacle, enchanting. Many viewers must have realised for the first time that the modern lights of the capital have a beauty which completely dissociates them from the garish wine-pouring ingenuities of Piccadilly Circus.

Despite the good-natured energies of Sir Gerald Barry and his Festival colleagues, it



Women's third Test Match, at the Oval on July 28: J. James of Australia bowling to M. MacLagan



George Cansdale (right), Superintendent of the London Zoo, showing a spider monkey's tail to viewers during the television programme 'Looking at Animals', on July 27. The baby donkey and alligator also appeared in the programme



Colonel Harry Llewellyn and 'Foxhunter' at the International Horse Show at the White City Stadium, London

City Stadium. As for a fitting voice, Dimmock's clear and genial tones were just about right, though Allenby and Daly were more immediately instructive about riders and performances, and Daly's dry aside about the foreign rider who had been 'walking about with a monocle and a haughty look', the morning before his sad evening débâcle, amusingly touched up the scene we were watching.

If the London District Tattoo on Horse Guards Parade last Saturday evening was not the noteworthy television event that some of us had expected, the disappointment was a good deal of our own making. Having earlier in the year sat at home and watched the Trooping of the Colour, and after it the Royal Military Tournament, we

should have known that the Army can offer nothing finer, and that to have seen those spectacles without stirring a foot was to have been somewhat privileged and somewhat sated. The best television moment at the Tattoo was that in which the camera swung on to a group of open-mouthed children recovering from the shock of hearing an armoured vehicle's gun unexpectedly fired. The picture of the small blazer boy with his hand clutching at his heart and gasping astonishment in his eyes must have delighted every viewer who saw it.

Otherwise, a pity that Army humour was not at the level of Army daring and Army efficiency, and still more a pity, one thought, that the King's men and the King's horses should be required to show off their arts and graces to the tune of Transatlantic banalities like that thing about a red-nosed reindeer. It can hardly be outside the wit of Kneller Hall to produce music specially written for these impressive rides. One would have thought it a matter of Army pride that something of the kind should be done.

The Glyndebourne exterior was denied the best possible presentation on our screens by an overcast sky. A thrush, defying the tradition of

the month of July, obliged with a few brittle evening notes, and a wood pigeon, also apparently sensing importance, chimed in with a scolding tone that became an imposing grumble as the camera moved about the lawns and terraces in quest of its victims. For odd moments the camera did not move at all but remained not quite explicable focused on a yew hedge, as if a trap had been laid somewhere near and we were to see the victim walk into it. Rooney Pelletier had the unenviable job of interviewing a widely assorted variety of personalities, ranging from John Christie, the founder and presiding spirit of Glyndebourne, to the head of French broadcasting, M. Porché. Occasional hesitations in his questioning, arising perhaps out of some anxiety not to be repetitious, scarcely marred his success in a complicated assignment, which called for more attributes than that of a good memory.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Eye and Ear

IT WAS A SPRING NIGHT before the war. On a London stage J. B. Priestley's 'Johnson Over Jordan' had reached its last scene, the Inn at the World's End where Robert Johnson, modern Everyman, said farewell to earthly life and to all that had illuminated it. Incongruously bowler-hatted, a figure lost against the wide arch of Space, Johnson paused, braced himself, and took his final steps towards 'a new adventure of living'. There author, actor, and producer joined in a quick flash of the imagination that has always lighted the play in mind. Before the Inn scene, Priestley and his producer had searched too hard for their effects. Trickily expressionist-symbolic devices had irritated. During the third act Priestley reached a plainer statement: a play that had been fogged found a sudden piercing quality.

A year later I was left with a few strong memories and the feeling that the piece, if commercially a failure, had been better worth while than a dozen tip-and-run successes, goldfish-bowl comedies. Last week, when the life-in-death experiment took the air (Home Service), it returned to me as a generally more lucid and impressive play than I had remembered. It had been simplified: Frank Hauser spared us the clotting smother of effects that, in the first act of the stage production, had distracted us. Norman Shelley took Johnson along most surely, especially in those fierce speeches in the night-club's 'scented jungle', here with more substance in the mind's eye than in the carefully-built stage version. It was during the last act that I found visual memories fortifying. Radio could not 'create' Johnson's farewell: the piece ebbed away. In that act, too, the speaking wavered: I missed the enchantment of the noble lines that had stayed with Johnson during his earthly life. Only Mr. Shelley filled out his part to the last. Earlier, no complaint: ear and mind were satisfied.

'Circe' (Home) was undoubtedly for the ear. 'You are', said the narrator, 'in a garden in front of the palace of Circe the enchantress. A handmaiden is pounding pig-mash'. Circe's special form of enchantment would be comic in the theatre. On the air Clifford Bax, writing as gracefully as ever after an awkward start, developed the battle between Circe and Odysseus in terms that sounded to me agreeable upon a baking afternoon among the fuchsia-bells, the Cornish equivalent of a wine-dark sea immediately in front, and the surf purring as it had purred on Circe's isle. One might have been lulled asleep among beds of amaranth and moly. But Mr. Bax kept me awake. The voices of Patrick Troughton and Grizelda Hervey fell pleasantly upon the ear, though some of the

piece was spoken on that special note, one of self-conscious urgency, that is common form for anything near-poetic.

Soon after meeting Mr. Troughton as Odysseus, I found him as a fanatical Firescreen who could see only one side of a question. If I preferred him as Odysseus, this is not to doubt his versatility. Radio is the one medium in which an actor is in constant danger of being cast as a Firescreen, a Clock, or a very Welsh Dresser. They were among the characters in 'Before Auction' (Third), by A. W. Dodd, produced by E. J. King Bull. After an hour with the talkative furniture and some intense humans, I understood why an old housekeeper observed: 'I'm just a plain, ordinary woman, and the sooner I get out of the house the better'. This piece, with its feud (melodramatic-psychological), its ghost, and its furniture might have seemed better if I had listened to it in the House of Usher during a gale. As it was, at the end I could only roam into a calm sunset, wondering at Catherine Lacey's skill in dealing with such a speech as 'It grew swiftly with me, my hatred, like the tree outside the window'; and recalling the wise, carved-out voice of Cecil Trouncer as a Clock. And, of course, Mr. Troughton as the Firescreen: certainly a part for the ear alone.

J. C. TREWIN

which he read three weeks ago, a nice study of two crusted characters.

At his best Frank O'Connor is a fine writer of stories, but owing to some fault in me, him, or the microphone I always have difficulty in catching what he says when he broadcasts and in his 'Tellers of Tales' story last week I lost so much that unhappily I can say nothing of 'My Da'. A worse fate befell me when I turned on 'The Devil at Auchtermuchty', a story extracted from James Hogg's *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. Devil a word of it could I understand. It was evident that the reader was making an astonishingly good job of it, but for all I could gather she might as well have been reading Hebrew or Choctaw. The Third Programme with unwanted generosity gave us yet another story last week. It was the first of a series introduced by Professor Delargy under the title 'The Irish Storyteller'. This was real story-telling, since the unwritten tale of 'Mánuis' has been handed down for generations from father to son. It was told and recorded by Paddy Sherlock, a chimney-sweep of County Clare, without any of the rich and beautiful blarney which Synge has taught us English to expect of the Irish; he told it, in fact, hurriedly and expressionlessly like a school-child repeating its lesson, yet it kept me spellbound from start to finish.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

THE SPOKEN WORD

Story-tellers

STORY-TELLING IS, I suppose, the oldest of the arts, whereas short-story-writing is a comparatively recent phenomenon among human activities. The two together are one of the most delightful forms of entertainment and I continue to wonder why the B.B.C. makes so little use of it. The Light Programme, it is true, tells us a story every morning except Saturday and Sunday and to this it has now added a weekly story, read by its author, under the heading 'Tellers of Tales', on Monday evenings, but a story on the Home or the Third is a rare event.

The 'Morning Story' on the Light is addressed largely to the hussif at her elevenses and the patient in hospital who has emerged from the ordeal of washing, feeding, tidying and the doctor's visit. Consequently it must be something simple and easily digestible. Small wonder, then, that it does not invariably appeal to the sophisticated palate of the critic—not invariably but not seldom, for there is no reason why the simple and digestible, so long as it is properly cooked, should not also be palatable. It is when the stories are comic that they are most likely to upset the critic's queasy stomach and the reason for this is that it is as easy as rolling off a log to be facetious and farcical and as difficult as walking the tight-rope to be comical. If the writer insists that the critic shall laugh too much the inevitable result is that he does not laugh at all. But not every hussif, patient or listener is, thank heaven, a critic, and I have no doubt that 'Washout' by Vicki Briggs, which seemed to me far too heavily over-emphasised in detail and facetious in style, caused a great deal of innocent amusement.

I entirely missed the point of Howard Clegg's 'Mystery Man'. Snap endings are elusive things when they come over the air and cannot be pinned down on the printed page and so my failure may be due not to the author's fumbling but to my stupidity. On the other hand Rupert Croft-Cooke's 'India's Coral Strand' was a delightful piece of work. The dialogue, admirably characterised by the reader, Roger Snowdon, defined perfectly the old story-teller, his prim, colourless daughter and the young narrator. The humour, which was comedy and not farce, lay not in the style but in the situation. The same is true of Gerald Bullett's 'Mother's Teapot'

BROADCAST MUSIC

A Night in Palermo

THERE WAS A TIME in pre-war days when the wireless traveller abroad would on arrival in Italy quite frequently find a performance of 'I Vespi Siciliani' in progress. So one may assume that the opera enjoyed a popularity there which it has not acquired elsewhere, despite its initial success in Paris. I doubt if it has been given in England since its production at Drury Lane in 1859. Last week's broadcast of a recording made at the Florence Festival explained the reason for this position. The opera contains a great deal of splendid music with plenty of opportunity for the singers to 'expand their voices' on those soaring melodies which always bring down the house in Italy. And how good it was to hear that uninhibited applause of an audience really enjoying itself!

On the dramatic side, which bothers an Italian audience less than an English one, 'The Sicilian Vespers' must be the worst, at least of Verdi's mature works. It contains all the melodramatic situations favoured by the librettists of Romantic grand opera, but there is no real attempt to make any of them carry conviction. There is the son who does not at first know his own father (and, of course, is in love with his father's enemy) and who by addressing him as 'father' stops the execution of his beloved just as the axe is about to fall. This is peripety with a vengeance! One may accept the intervention of Neptune in 'Idomeneo' because it is supernatural and belongs to the classical conventions of *opera seria*. But it is impossible to swallow Monforte's sudden reprieve of Elena and her friends. Perhaps the weakest feature of Scribes' book is the fact that it works up three times to exactly the same situation in which the Sicilians draw their daggers on the French, before they actually use them and bring down the final curtain.

Silly as the book is, the opera was well worth hearing for the sake of the music. The striking thing about it is its general dissimilarity from even 'Il Trovatore', composed just before and Verdi's nearest approach to the 'grand' style demanded by the Paris opera. Of course the melodies are often typically Verdian, but the music has altogether a loftier air than the

frankly popular style of 'Trovatore'. Moreover the individual acts, especially the last two, are carried through with a sense of overall design which had not so far been so conspicuous in Verdi's work. He even manages to give an air of nobility to Procida, whom the librettist draws as a treacherous and blood-thirsty cloak-and-dagger conspirator. This part was nobly sung by Boris Cristoff. The rest of the cast was capable, the soprano who sang some of Elena's music beautifully being the best of them. As

usual in these recordings, the orchestra tended at times to sink into the background, but when they were playing alone, in the Overture and the delightful ballet music, they gave a beautiful performance under Erich Kleiber.

Of the two English operas, to use the term loosely, broadcast last week, 'Michael and Frances' depended entirely upon its archaeological interest as a specimen of the 'jig or tale of bawdry'. From any other point of view it was a tale of boredom. Eccles' 'Judgment of

Paris', on the other hand, was enchanting. The music sounded fresh, gay and, despite the shade of Purcell, full of real invention. The same kind of cheerfulness kept breaking into Haydn's 'Nelson' Mass, in which a polonaise rhythm and other gay features, beside the fanfare said to celebrate the victory of the Nile, showed the composer's happy attitude to religion. It was not frivolous; he simply subscribed to the belief that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

J. S. Bach's Secular Cantatas

By HUBERT FOSS

'Phoebus and Pan' will be broadcast at 9.5 p.m. on Saturday, August 4, and 9.20 p.m. on Monday, August 6 (Third)

FUN and fashion flicker on their will-o'-the-wisp course together. Those sister-imp can mislead shrewder men than critics, and nowhere on a wilder dance than in the precincts of the Church. Even Rupert Brooke was infected by a school-born reverence at the 'lissom, clerical, printless toe'; the ghosts of 'the prim ecclesiastical rout' amused him but also impressed him. And in the same way, Parry at the age of sixty could not throw off his short undergraduate's gown when he considered Bach's secular cantatas through the magnifying spectacles of the Church cantatas. He is a little pathetic when he writes about 'elevated art' being unable to 'comport itself in circumstances where loftiness of thought and deep feeling would be superfluous'. Schweitzer sounds a more human note; he admits that the fact that most of the secular cantatas were written to order 'prevents our doing them full justice'. 'Bach and his generation' (the chapter continues) 'thought differently. When he had time, he wrote the works with particular pleasure, and took great pains with the performance', in the revising and phrasing of the orchestral parts, for example.

There is no need to apologise for Bach's extant secular cantatas. Like their ecclesiastical partners, the scores of them make one sorry to feel how much good music is lost in those that are missing. It cannot be denied that Bach's fun and fashion were not like ours. For one thing the modern prescription for ceremonial music is that its length should be subordinated to the public event, that it should be taking, obvious, and blessedly ephemeral. We of today seem to like our entertainment music the more in inverse proportion to the trouble taken by the composer in writing it. The public is enchanted if an unmusical dramatist whistles a tune for someone else to write down and serve up, provided that the final form of it requires no effort on the part of the hearer, is immediately intelligible to a moron, and involves in the writing of it as little effort or imaginative thought as possible.

In our modern examinations, Bach would be ploughed off-hand, for the secular cantatas show great inventiveness and a massive technique, as well as that inestimable quality, in-exhaustibility of ideas. He took endless pains and gave the little pieces much warm and caressing thought. There is evidence of his own musical enjoyment on almost every page. Parry writes altruistically about 'the adaptability of the sacred style to secular purposes'. But really there was not a very wide gulf to bridge between the two styles in Bach's day. Bach wrote quite a quantity of music common to both; parts of 'Die Wahl des Herkules' were adapted for the 'Christmas Oratorio', much of 'Angenehmes Wiederau' for Church Cantata 30: hardly a surprising action for one who treated concertos

as variedly as Bach did, and far less common a practice in Bach than in Handel. The general form of the secular cantatas is similar to that adopted for those used in Church (apart from the solo cantatas and from the fact that the chorale obviously has no place in them): it may be imagined that no other form was expected, and it is certainly true that Picander was better fitted to provide secular than sacred texts.

It is indeed not quite clear why, except for *a priori* reasons, anyone should expect Bach to change his musical habits when to do so would have been unsuitable (in the Italian cantatas he suitably does). The secular cantatas fall into certain categories—those he called *dramma per musica*, with personifications as participants, the cantatas written for the courts at Weimar and Cöthen, the 'homage' cantatas, the satiric cantatas (almost operettas), the academic and the wedding cantatas. Neither by training nor experience was Bach brought into the theatre: he openly disdained opera. Curiously few opportunities to escape from the chancel came to him, possibly through prejudice (as Schweitzer thinks), possibly also because outside the Church Bach showed more than once that he could be very touchy on official matters. His two contemporaries, Purcell and Handel, both of whom dealt readily with sacred and secular subjects, insist on comparison. One may baldly assert that both had the theatre in their blood as well as in their daily lives. Bach lacked Purcell's immediacy, his swiftness of expression and delight in the miniature; nor had he Handel's spacious if sometimes vacuous oratory, his splendid gait and his ringing voice. The changes of fun and fashion have not dealt more kindly with Handel's operas than with Bach's secular cantatas; it is ironic to think how often extracts from Handel's most profane operatic arias are sung with the religiosity induced by the great 'Messiah'.

An important and endearing characteristic of the Church cantatas is the composer's use of the picturesque in the musical setting of words. To that desire within his musical soul Bach gives free rein in the secular cantatas, with less naivety than Haydn in the result. The music ranges from the gusty to the amorous, in great variety and an endless outpouring of melody. Bach shows indeed, as Schweitzer has said, 'a strong penchant for burlesque', and while he yields nothing to Purcell and Handel in splendour when pomp is needed, at times he quite deliberately adopts a mock-pompous tone. In 'Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht', he even pokes fun at his own style.

Many other qualities in the Church cantatas can be found in the secular—among them the massive choral writing, so suitable to the solid 'great occasions' of eighteenth-century Germany, the instrumental freedom (see the arpeggio string-accompaniment in 'Weicht

nur' and the written-out cembalo part in 'Amore traditore'), the subtle placing of the melodic lines in proper relation of voice and instruments. Apter comparison may be made with Bach's instrumental works, for both there and in the secular cantatas we find the composer's knack of writing racy dance-tunes. Above all, in the secular cantatas, we meet Bach the romantic—the man who could write the bass and lute aria in the 'St. John Passion' and the E flat French Suite. In this mood of melodic suavity, of sheer musical beauty, Bach stands unsurpassed in his own time and in ours as well. 'Lasst uns sorgen' has one of his best slumber-songs, the 'Peasant Cantata' an entrancing opening aria, 'Was mir behagt' the tune now popular as 'Sheep may safely graze'; I quote three out of a dozen examples.

'Phoebus and Pan', written for the Collegium Musicum at Leipzig in 1731, is the most readily performable today of the Bach secular cantatas. The subject, for one thing, is universal—the struggle of genius against academicism, of the bright young pupil against the foxy schoolmaster, the eternal and ever-youthful sport of critic-baiting. Bach anticipated Wagner by more than a century; Midas is the model for Beckmesser. It is hardly necessary to add that the occasion for the musical lampoon was local, or so Spitta conjectures with some solid reasoning—the distaste shown by the critic, Johann Adolph Scheibe, for Bach's music. It is interesting to observe that when in 1749 the cantata was revived, Bach took occasion so to change the text that it contained an ironic reference to Biedermann, Rector of Freiburg, with whom Forkel tells us Bach came into conflict.

The style of 'Phoebus and Pan' is equally jovial and satiric. Hand in hand with it goes 'Schweigt stille', known in England usually as the 'Coffee Cantata', and actually produced on the stage by the British National Opera Company in 1925, in Sanford Terry's translation and under his title of 'Coffee and Cupid'. 'Schweigt stille', a skit on the widespread habit of drinking coffee, is the slighter of the two works; in Ernest Newman's translation, Schweitzer says that 'it aims only at refreshment'. Swifter in movement, the charming little work has one aria of a noticeably Purcellian flavour. In the more ambitious 'Phoebus and Pan', the brilliant opening chorus is as full of wind and dust as Bach's 'Der Zufriedengestellte Aeolus' of 1725; Phoebus's *largo* aria is full of longing, by contrast. Then comes the virile aria—not seldom sung separately under the title of 'Good fellows, be merry'; and Momo has an admirable 12/8 tune for his big song. Phoebus, whom we may assume to be Bach, wins the contest against Pan, the rural twitterer, and Midas, our friend the critic, is awarded a pair of asses' ears for his judgments. It might happen to any of us, still.



PHOSPHORUS

Phosphorus is an element essential to life, whether animal or vegetable. Though it occurs abundantly in the form of natural phosphates, these can be absorbed by plants only with difficulty. They must first be converted into soluble fertilizers such as superphosphate, which are then absorbed easily. This conversion is one of chemistry's greatest contributions to agriculture. Phosphorus, which is never found free in nature, is obtained mainly from the mineral apatite—a compound of phosphorus and calcium that is found in many countries, but principally in the U.S.A., Russia and North Africa. Other valuable sources are animal bones and basic slag—a by-product of steel making. The element exists in several forms, the two most important being "yellow" phosphorus, a white, wax-like poisonous solid that catches fire when exposed to air, and "red" phosphorus, a non-poisonous powder used in the striking compound on safety-match boxes. Compounds of phosphorus are used in medicine and for purposes as different as water softening and the rust-proofing of steel.

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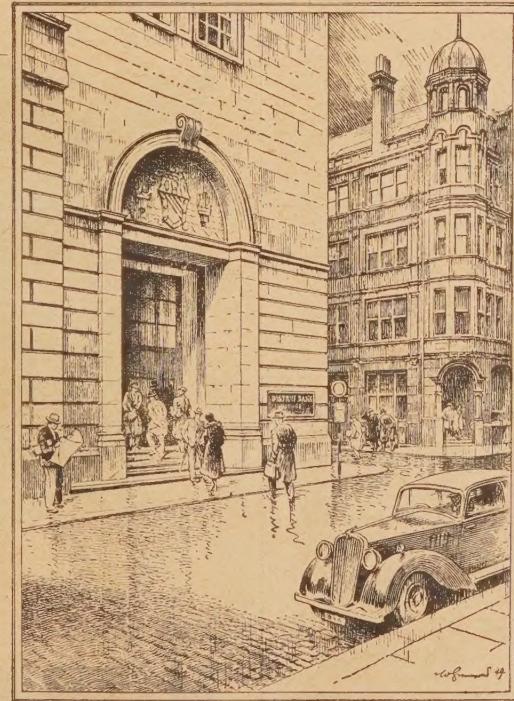


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It takes more than the boy with the bicycle to deliver the morning newspapers which rustle so regularly through your letterbox. Well back in the chain of production you would find Olaf Larsen*—that is, if you knew where to look for him. A likely place would be Bowaters' private docks at Ridham, serving their paper mills at Kemsley and Sittingbourne in Kent.

Larsen is an Able Seaman, a foremast hand in one of the ships which, from May to December, converge on England with decks stacked high with logs of spruce which is paper in the raw. There are many such ships chartered by Bowaters, for each separate paper-making machine needs the trunks of 10,000 trees to keep it going for one week.

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*Fictitious name for a real character.

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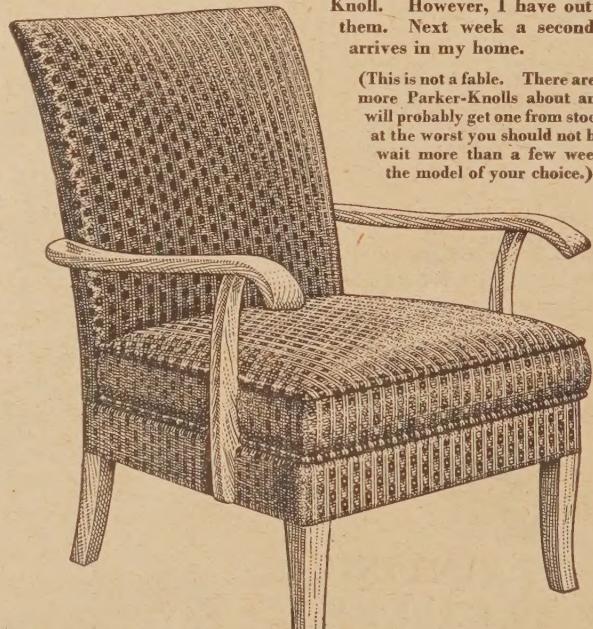
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I'M so tired of saying to my friends 'Try this chair.' They all do, and they all go on trying it. And I—I who was clever enough to find it—I just sit and watch them revelling in the luxurious comfort of my Parker-Knoll. However, I have outwitted them. Next week a second P.K. arrives in my home.

(This is not a fable. There are many more Parker-Knolls about and you will probably get one from stock, but at the worst you should not have to wait more than a few weeks for the model of your choice.)



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Advice for the Housewife

TRIPE, CALVES' FEET, LIVER

WASH TRIPE WELL, then cut it in pieces about the size of the palm of your hand. To 2 lb. of tripe take

- 6 big onions
- 6 potatoes
- ½ pint of water
- salt and pepper
- 1 pint of milk

Put the tripe into the cold water, with the onions, potatoes and seasoning, and simmer for 2½ hours. Then add the milk. Smash the potatoes with a wooden spoon against the side of the pan. If you like, add half a dozen really small onions, and cook briskly for another ¾ hour. Stir to avoid burning and serve in soup plates.

For calves' foot jelly, take 2 feet, clean them well, cut in smallish pieces, and put them into a covered pan with 2 quarts of cold water and a good pinch of salt. When the 2 quarts have boiled down to 1, set aside to cool, skim off any fat, and remove any sediment. Add ½ glass of white wine, a touch of lemon and the whites and shells—yes shells—of 2 eggs. Cook for 15 minutes, stand for about 5, then strain through a flannel bag, such as you use for sweet jelly, and pour into glass jars ready to set and serve.

For North Country Duck, the ingredients are:

- ½ lb. of stewing beef
- ½ lb. of liver
- 1 lb. of onions
- ½ plain loaf
- ½ teaspoon of sage
- pepper and salt

Stew the meat and then mince with the raw onions. Crumble and mix in the bread. Add the sage, and pepper and salt. Roll into balls and bake in a slow oven. Make a gravy with the liquid from the meat, another pinch of sage, and ¼ lb. of cooked and well chopped onions.

NAOMI JACOBS

ROSE CREAM

Rose Cream is a sweet for a party. For four people the quantities are:

- ½ pint of milk
- ½ pint of water
- 4 teaspoons of cornflour
- 2 dessertspoons of rose-water
- 4 teaspoons of powdered gelatine
- 1½ tablespoons of sugar
- 1 piece of butter, 1 inch square
(about ½ oz.)
- 1 oz. of crystallised rose leaves
- a few blanched almonds
- cochineal

Rose-water is 2s. 6d. a bottle; you will need about a shilling's worth. The crystallised rose leaves cost 1s.

Cream the cornflour in a little of the milk, in a tea-cup. In another tea-cup moisten the gelatine with a little of the water. Put into a saucepan the rest of the milk and water with the butter and sugar. Bring to the boil. When boiling, add the creamed cornflour and cook gently for 4 minutes. Then add the gelatine, and cook for another 4 minutes. Remove from the heat and allow to cool, stirring to avoid a skin forming.

Now add the rose-water and enough cochineal to colour it a delicate pink. Then pour it into glasses or bowls and put it in a cool place. Just before serving decorate with rose leaves and stick with the almonds, which have been cut into thin sticks.

You can vary this sweet a good deal. For instance, you can use a little almond essence instead of rose-water, use green colouring matter, and have only almonds on the top; or peppermint with green colouring and grated chocolate on top.

HECTOR LEAKE

Some of Our Contributors

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN (page 165): Irish writer and journalist; author of *Summer in Italy*, *A Nest of Simple Folk* (novel), *De Valera*, *King of the Beggars—A Life of Daniel O'Connell*, etc.

A. C. CALLADO (page 166): Head of the Rio de Janeiro Office of *The Reader's Digest*

C. DAY LEWIS, C.B.E. (page 171): Professor of Poetry, Oxford University; author of *Collected Poems*, 1929-36 and *Poems*, 1943-47, *The Poetic Image*, *The Georgics of Vergil* (a verse translation), etc.

H. J. MASSINGHAM (page 186): journalist and author of *Cotswold Country*, *The Cotswolds* (Puffin Books), and many books on English country life

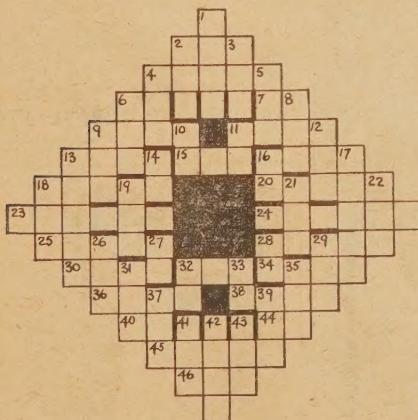
P. H. NEWBY (page 187): critic and novelist; author of *A Season in England*, *The Young May Moon*, *Mariner Dances*, *The Snow Pasture*, *The Novel*, 1945-50, etc.

Crossword No. 1,109. Proverbial Tetraglot. By Hardi

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 9

After the crossword has been completed the across lights and the eight unchecked letters not included therein are to be pieced together and suitably divided



into words to form four equivalent proverbs—one English, one French, one German and one Spanish.

The sixteen unchecked letters may be arranged to form the phrase: Nurse Bab bans pink.

CLUES—ACROSS

2. Utters a sibilant sound with 9A (3). 4. Notable 17th cent. Scots earl (5). 6 & 7. A broken pledge (4). 9. See 2A. 11. All the wrong way (4). 13. More than just a bit, in fact a mouthful (4). 15. Early in history (3). 16. Edited *Das Deutsche Museum* (4).
18. A loud noise after disconnecting the terminals (5). 20. Used to be afraid, but not now (5).
23. Asseverated his willin'ness and went out with the tide (6). 24B. Topical pet-name for northern lacustrine monster (6). 25. You could spend this in Scotland, not in Germany (5). 28. The Lady of the Lake (5). 30. A retrogressive foreboding (4). 32 & 31U. A person unknown (6). 34B. Danish poet who opposed Darwin (4). 36. In anyone's vocabulary (4). 38. In every cornucopia (4). 40. See 46 & 42. 44. See 16D. 45. Essential ingredient of pilchard pasty (5). 46 & 40. Rebuke (5).

DOWN

1. A violent push (4). 2. Made from horns by removing the bone (3). 3. Soak or be soaked (3). 4. Kinglake set this before a hen (3). 5. Lost with nothing lost (3). 6. Beat up (3). 8. Among the hindmost (3). 9. Trespass (3). 10. Keep quiet about us! (2). 11. See 18D & 29.
12. Famous fictional detective in a poi (3). 13. Graver (5). 14. 'A bonny lass, I will confess, is pleasant to the ——' (Burns) (2).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- 16 & 44B. Poison (4). 17. A palliative (5).
18. League in league with 11U. (3). 19U & 22. Cryptic (6). 21. Cover up (3). 22. See 19. 26. Introducing Cecil (3). 27 & 37. At the end of October (5). 28. 'The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet As was the blink o' Phemie's ——' (Burns) (2).
29. Unwelcome fellow-traveller with 11U (3). 31. See 32A. 32 & 33U. What French! (4). 35. A feast without the elements of wrath (3). 37. See 27. 39. Just the thing in dress (3). 41. A bit of a madcap (3). 42. Nymph who was turned into a tree in 40 (4). 43. Take a little tin out of a basin (3).

Solution of No. 1,107

Prizewinners:

- H. Bondi (Cambridge); R. A. Fairthorne (Farnborough); A. J. Hughes (Sutton Coldfield); J. A. Rushbrook (Bexley-heath); R. A. Tilley (Macclesfield)

A	I	T	7	2	6	9	4	1	3	4
B	2	9	1	7	3	8	5	6	5	9
C	5	6	2	8	1	8	3	0		
D	4	0	3	7	1	1	3	4		
E	8	2	1	9	1	9	3	1	2	
F	V	1	3	5	2	7	3	5	3	

NOTES

Equations (12) and (13). E and w are primes of the form $24n + 1$.

Equations (1) — (9). The formulae used for the equation $a^3 = b^3 + c^3 + d^3$ were

$$a = 6x^2 - 4xy + 4y^2$$

$$b = 3x^2 + 5xy - 5y^2$$

$$c = 4x^2 - 4xy + 6y^2$$

$$d = 5x^2 - 5xy - 3y^2$$

CROSSWORD RULES—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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